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THE ENGLISH REVIEW
SEPTEMBER, 1935

What is Collective Security?

By Douglas Jerrold

COLLECTIVE security under the ægis of the League of Nations is to-day the admitted object of British Foreign policy. By the time that these notes are published the League of Nations, taking note of the failure of the tripartite negotiations in Paris, will be facing a problem which no one, not even its most ardent advocate, supposes to be honourably and consistently soluble by peaceable means. Can the policy of Collective Security in these, or indeed in any circumstances survive? Does it in practice mean more (as a basis for our Foreign policy) than would the phrase "collective happiness" as a definition of a government's domestic policy? To answer these questions we must explore its meaning and consequences.

It is hard to define the indefinite, particularly when, as in the case of "collective security" a lack of precision is one of the main recommendations of the policy. It is, in one sense, a peculiarly English policy. There is no logic in it. The system is, we are told, based on the League, whose authority must be preserved. Yet the provisions of the Covenant for effective collective action for the preservation of peace and for enforcing the sanctity of treaties were detailed and well-planned; if they can be relied upon they make regional pacts superfluous. If, on the other hand, we admit that they cannot be relied upon, is not this admission itself fatal to the authority of the League? There is, of course, no answer to this. We are working towards a new system of peace organisation. We wish to retain the League as the basis of day-to-day short-term diplomacy, and keep it alive as a high card which might, if all goes well, even take the

vital trick in some future game of high politics. If the League had existed in July, 1914, is it not possible that the mere mechanical delays which its existence would have interposed would have given time for reflection? Well, we say, it is possible. So we will keep the League. But for long range diplomacy, for controlling and guiding the long-term policies of the Great Powers, we will trust to regional pacts. We will do more than trust to them. We will go nap on them. We will cover the whole earth with pacts, bi-lateral and multi-lateral and each, where possible, interlocking with each other, and thus spread security (of the Locarno brand) from pole to pole.

We are now in a position to see why although the advocates of Collective Security put in the forefront of their aims the preservation of the authority of the League system, we should be doing these able and sincere men a great injustice if we do not realize that the new principle, in fact, involves a radical modification of the League system. If Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Anthony Eden have not forgotten enough, they have learnt a good deal. The forms of open diplomacy are preserved, but to-day no pretence is made that the public sessions of the League Council are more than formalities. The new peace system is, from the first, frankly conceived as something static rather than dynamic. It is to function through an elaborate network of engagements constricting the policies of the different nations, not through the once-supposed dynamic machinery of international discussion and co-operation. The reliance on regional pacts instead of on the Covenant of the League for the preservation of peace is, of course, the outstanding feature of the new system. While in theory all nations retain their obligations under the Covenant, the system of regional pacts is, if not a meaningless reiteration of obligations already binding, a declaration of disinterestedness by each nation in regard to the regions where it has not signified its interest by adhering a regional pact. The model for the regional pact was provided by Sir Austen Chamberlain

at Locarno. The real significance of these treaties lay not in our guarantee of the Franco-German frontier, but in our refusal to guarantee the frontiers of Eastern Europe.

The first principle behind the regional pact system is the automatic unbalancing of power in each region in the event of aggression taking place in that region. This is the reverse of the pre-war system, which relied on the balance of forces to prevent aggression taking place. But, in contrast to the original idea embodied in the League Covenant, is the further principle, inherited from the pre-war system, of localising the area of any dispute which may take place. Under the Covenant, the effect of any action by the League against the aggressor must be felt all over the world and involve all nations. This fact, intended to be decisive against aggression, has proved to be the reverse. In any given dispute, two-thirds of the Powers are so uninterested that they could not get their nationals to support any sacrifice of trade, let alone of life, which they might be called upon to make if economic sanctions were applied. What is equally important: of the great powers who are necessarily interested in any major dispute, some, by reason of their special interests in the particular part of the world involved, will be extremely jealous of any international action. The system of regional pacts registered with the League is intended, in fact, to make the legitimately-interested powers in each area the agents of the League, and to place on them the obligation of combining against any aggression in that area.

To that extent it is fair to say that the new policy has "cut the cackle and come to the horses," and in that respect it is an incalculable improvement on the old. But, for that very reason, it proceeds haltingly to its goal, as no one is anxious to approach their particular horses. In other words, though the system of regional pacts measures a theoretical advance in realism on the Covenant of the League, it is condemned to futility because the conditions under which these pacts will come

into effect are not apposite to the facts of international politics. They are relics of the conditions imposed on the authors of the Covenant when they set out to apply the principles and practices of representative government to international affairs. This attempt necessitated the application of statistical standards of judgment to every problem. Obviously there could be no agreement possible on the merits of any dispute between the representatives of the whole world. So the occasions which were held to call for action under the Covenant had to be limited to those which were matters of fact about which no honest dispute could arise. The breach of a treaty and the violation of a frontier were matters of fact. The injustice of a treaty and the justification of frontier violation were not, and were therefore not matters in which it was contemplated that the penal clauses of the Covenant should be upheld.

These necessities of the case, taken in conjunction with the effort to introduce the representative system and its machinery into international affairs, paralysed the action of the League and reduced its prestige to vanishing point. The new policy disposes, to a large extent, of the shams and insincerities of the League machinery, but it looks like preserving, in the regional pact system the vicious principle of bringing the machinery into play only in certain circumstances and then almost necessarily on the wrong side.

To take first the question of preserving the *status quo*. No generalizations are water-tight, but if one was forced to generalize, it would be far safer to say that the presumption of justice is on the side of those who attack rather than those who defend it. The strongest force in politics is the *vis inertiae*. For the sake of peace and quiet, nations, like individuals and classes, will endure really grave injustices for years and sometimes for generations. A man may have a grievance against a neighbour who plays the gramophone at all hours of the night, but he does not in practice immediately rush to law about it.

He probably does nothing for months, except grumble until some particularly outrageous incident leads him to write a letter of protest. Then, for a week or two, the nuisance abates. Presently it starts again. He writes another letter in a few weeks, and so the business drags on. Finally, his wife gets ill, and what was merely annoying becomes intolerable. The man goes round to his neighbour and tells him angrily to stop the thing at once. The neighbour refuses and the man knocks him down. Who is the aggressor?

Who was the aggressor in the case of Germany's breach of the Treaty of Versailles? Unquestionably the former Allies, who used the technicalities of the treaty to keep Germany in a state of political inferiority, which was never intended when the treaty was signed.

These facts are, of course, perfectly well known to the statesmen who have framed the new policy. They sought, in the test case of Locarno, to get round them by calling on the League to decide which party in any dispute is the aggressor. In practice they hope that the League will, if it is a case, as it nearly always is, of enforced or at least provoked aggression, bring in an elaborate finding blaming both sides, so that we, as guarantors, will be free to come in on either side or neither. Further, by the requirement of unanimity for the league decisions, we can ourselves prevent any decision being reached with which we do not agree. Unfortunately we are not the only people who know this. France and Germany know it too. As a guarantee providing against an unprovoked war of aggression or conquest the Locarno Treaty is water-tight. As an instrument for averting the kind of war that is most likely to arise, it is not even valueless: it may well have the effect of making such a war more likely.

As I have written elsewhere,* under the League machinery a premium was placed on aggression, because it was inevitable that the creation of an international

* *England.* Chapter VIII.

organisation for peace, without any prior agreement as to the principles to be applied in the disputes which might arise, would result in the doctrine that the preservation of peace was the predominating necessity. Even in the League's early days it quickly became evident that the aggressor freed from the fear of instant retaliation, would come to the League in a far stronger position if he faced the Council with a *fait accompli*. The natural desire of the League to preserve its own life would, as the aggressors have realized, make it unlikely that they would be asked to abandon all the fruits of their aggression. As the price of "peace" they would almost certainly be able to retain half of them.

For many years it was hotly argued that the League had, in fact, averted several wars, and the claim in a sense was well-founded. But the history of all periods of relative peace in Europe has been the history of wars averted by diplomatic action. The only question which arose on this point was whether, in the period since 1920, when the League has been the chief diplomatic agent for the preservation of peace, there has been more, or less, disturbance than in corresponding periods, such as, say, from 1815 to 1850 or from 1870 to 1910.

Unfortunately there could only be one answer to that question. And the reason for it is not hard to find. War is usually the refuge of the weak against the strong, and the League has encouraged such aggression, instead of sitting in judgment on it. The result has been a steady accumulation of intolerable situations which, as general Smuts foretold and warned the League in 1919, would inevitably tend to an explosion. The explosion has since taken place in two areas, and is imminent in two more.

For different reasons much the same premium on aggression is conferred by the regional pacts. The whole object of each nation's diplomacy within these pacts will be to ensure that, where her policy runs counter to that of another signatory to the pact, it is so devised that the onus of aggression is on the other side, and in this

way to bring the rest of the signatories to her side. To avoid this, the other nations will be ready to endure a lot for a long time, like the neighbour of the gramophone enthusiast. And the aggressor nation, using not war but peace pacts as an instrument of policy, will take full advantage of this, and may well, at the last moment, having got by "peaceful" pressure most of what she wants, draw back and stand before the world as a great protagonist of peace.

English statesmen seem incapable of realism in these matters, and it is indeed very hard for us to persuade ourselves of the need for it. The policies of states hemmed round by neighbours are always potentially aggressive, but we are an island people and have lived for more than a century literally unassailable by any European power. We forget that when we had a land frontier we were never at peace for fifty years at a time. We only rid ourselves of constant war by the simpler method of absorbing Scotland into the United Kingdom. Imagine England surrounded by a number of still independent Scotlands, and we get something of an idea of the situation of the states of Central and South-Eastern Europe. They have been at war constantly. They have been conquered and reconquered. There is not a single frontier of which it can be said that the inhabitants on this side are all X and on that side all Y. There are, as there were between England and Scotland as late as 1642, acute and passionately-felt differences of sentiment and religion. Above all, there are burning economic questions unsolved, and half a score of acute territorial grievances so recently created as to be quite unhealed by time or custom; indeed, the very just provisions as to racial minorities keep them acutely alive.

Further, all statesmen of the post-war epoch have been hypnotised by the German invasion of Belgium in 1914, which will, for all time provide the classic example of unprovoked aggression where the violation of a treaty was also the violation of morality. But how many other

instances are there in history of such a case? I can think of none; and I have never met anyone who could. We ourselves admit it when we say that, had Germany invaded France by the Belfort Gap, according to the Schaeffer plan, we should probably not have intervened, although morally Germany would have been just as certainly the aggressor. The issue which arose in 1914, was in fact unique, and a peace system which mistakes the unique for the characteristic will bring not peace but a sword.

The second overwhelming defect of the regional pact system is that it follows the example of the League (necessarily, for the sake of international law it does not supersede the Covenant, but is bound by it), in making no provision at all for the peaceful modification of the *status quo* by the concerted action of the powers. Indeed, in this matter, the new system is actually retrograde. Article 19 of the Covenant, which allows the Assembly to " advise the reconsideration by members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international situations whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world " may be a dead letter, but at least it was a letter into which some life might be instilled. If the regional pact system becomes general, Article 19 would cease to provide even a loophole for possible future reforms, since all the interested parties would have pledged themselves in advance to their neighbours to oppose any modification of the *status quo*.

These matters are, however, all to some extent matters of machinery. The final objection to the new policy is of a different order. The League Covenant, futile in its machinery, condemned to become a mockery and a menace because of the consistent affronts it was bound to offer to the conscience of the world, was nevertheless a document of profound importance to the whole human race. For the first time since the collapse of the mediæval system, a morality was asserted as a principle in inter-

national affairs. It was a bastard morality which was preached, and an unctuous cynicism which was mainly prasticed, but dimly, underneath the false philosophy, the hypocrisies and the intrigue, could be found by those who cared to look, the faint echo of the thesis of Innocent III: that the actions of the State no less than those of men must be guided by the moral law. Precisely because the obligations undertaken by the signatories to the regional pacts are more defined, these pacts will tend, if the system endures, to become working alliances in which the strong powers will become the dominant partners, and will use the name and sanctions of the so-called international system to insulate their policies and activities from the world's judgment and interference. We are a long way from that to-day, but no further than we were from the League of Nations in 1914.

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Italy's Military Problems in Abyssinia

By Ignatius Phayre

"I AM not prepared to abandon any chance to avert what I believe will be *a calamity*." Not once, but twice did this ominous word occur in Sir Samuel Hoare's well-weighed speech in the Commons on the present Cabinet's foreign policy. And at the close of his reference to the coming Abyssinian struggle—which Mussolini flatly declares: "We have irrevocably decided to carry to its conclusion"—our new Foreign Minister feared "a catastrophe that might have the widest possible reaction here."

What lies behind Sir Samuel's pessimism? That grim "geography" of the central Ethiopian plateaux may prove too much even for the huge modern army of 400,000 men, with heavy artillery, "climbing" tanks, bombing-'planes, chemical aids and the rest, for which General Rodolfo Graziani has asked in order to reduce and capture the wildest (and richest) natural "castle" in all Africa.

In a word, another Italian "Adua" is dreaded—this time on a far graver scale, forcing the proud Duce and his people to deplete their standing forces at home, and so endanger the critical balance of power in Europe as to invite a German thunder-*coup* which might precipitate a general war.

So I propose briefly to set out here the bristling problems which confront Mussolini in his design, and to which his chosen Administrator on the spot—ex-Minister of the Colonies, General Emilio de Bono—has for months past been applying all his genius and energy.

To begin with, the two ports of Massua, in Eritrea and Mogadiscio, in Somalia lie fifteen hundred miles apart, with lifeless and mainly trackless steppes in between. Some effort has been made by General Aldo Pelegrini, the

Director of Civil Aviation to link the two by an air-line from Rome itself. This service is to pass by Tripoli, Benghazi, Tobruk and Alexandria, and thence by the Nile Valley to Khartoum, with a sharp bend eastward to Eritrea. But this mail project is still incomplete.

By water, Massua is 2,500 miles from the homeland; the Indian Ocean port is as far again. Massua was a primitive town of 12,500 people when the first transports landed the advance-guard of Italy's expedition. Fresh water was scarce; and soon tankers were sent to Port Sudan, 350 miles away, to buy water for the new arrivals. A ration of only two pints a day per man for drinking and washing—and that in a stifling swelter of 122° in the shade—had serious results in sickness and disability. Three thousand troopers and artisans were sent home in a single fortnight. Never was such traffic known as went to and fro through the 106 miles of the Canal—whose monopoly, by the way, looks for a thirty-five per cent. dividend this year on its shares. From one transport, six Fascist lads collapsed with sunstroke; they were hurriedly put ashore at Suez, and five of them died.

Water was in desperate demand at Massua, a town wholly unprepared for its wholesale military invasion. Local wells were sunk in haste though with poor success; for fresh water along Italy's Red Sea belt of 670 miles is usually brackish and nauseous stuff. True, Eritrea is a highland *enclave*; a seventy-five mile railway runs up to the capital, Asmara, at 7,765 feet above the suffocating coast. But this can never be a white man's land, and colonizing efforts by the Governor, Riccardo Astuto, had to be given up. The heat of Massua is a fearsome trial to officers and men just out, even from Calabria and Sicily. Here temperatures up to 130° in the shade are known.

By day, the strongest and bravest of Fascist recruits are apt to wilt and sicken. At night, soldiers and workmen sleep naked on straw mats in the narrow streets, while their colleagues unload the troop-ships and tramps by the light of acetylene flares until a blazing sunrise

stops all labour again. There is no part of the earth where solar heat is so fierce. And Massua lacks the trees and flowers and fountains, with other amenities of relief, which the French—so long skilled in African development—have provided in Djibouti, farther west on the Gulf of Aden.

Yet even in that " white city " and its hill-suburb of Ambouli, Europeans never walk a step; they use the little *gari*, a light carriage that lands business men right into their own warehouses and stores. In busy Djibouti—which is Abyssinia's only outlet to the world—not even Minister Lagarde's twenty-five years' toil has made life tolerable for long by the white race. Apart from malaria, and the furnace-winds that tear the trees to rags, residents are prone to the peculiar *cafard*, a form of " the blues," or depressive spleen. This clears off in two or three days; but while the spell lasts a victim is liable to reckless outbursts, much as the Malay " runs amok " with a violence all his own.

These Red Sea lands are no place for the Caucasian peoples. Over on the Arabian shore none of them dwell. And here on the African side of the Narrow Sea, climate and landscape play queer tricks with the white exiles. They soon loathe the eternal sand and stones; the dusty mimosa-scrub under blinding light by day, night skies that are forever starred, and stark termite ant-hills rising ten or fifteen feet out of the endless steppes that roll like dry sea-beds to the far horizons of Abyssinia's vague and lofty citadel.

So it was a tremendous task to house and care for hundreds of thousands of Italy's soldiers and workmen in Eritrea, and still more in Somalia on the Indian Ocean. On that rock-bound coast you may search in vain for twelve hundred miles in quest of any fair haven, even for a tramp steamer. Light Arab dhows of shallow draught, and trading-*zambouks* and *sarouks* put in anywhere; but at Mogadiscio, Italy's new armada must needs roll out at sea while slow lighters plod to and fro with all things,

from " sectioned " houses to field-guns, barrels of petrol to barbed wire and road-making engines.

Everything must be brought here from European marts, or from the shops and arsenals at home, 8,000 kilometres beyond this dreary stretch of Africa, whose only humans are the nomad " milk-and-meat " Somalis who follow the rains (and new grass) with their camels and cattle, and goats.

So Italy's only two " ports " are the poorest of bases in which to equip and prepare an immense " twin " army for simultaneous advance. Here are pathless hinterlands as far apart as London is from Athens; they yield next to nothing for the most ambitious military project of modern times. For this reason was it that Mussolini sent out almost as many workers as fighting men. Wooden cantonments had to be run up to shelter whole divisions. The timber for these was taken out, also for the officers' quarters—and those of doctors, nurses, mechanics of the air-force and the road-makers and Tank brigades.

The local currency, too, had to be thought of in view of the recent silver-buying of the United States. Italian money will not " go " here in North East Africa, where the old Maria Theresa *thaler* (still dated 1780 !) is the standard of value in all markets. So in Italy silver coins were called in and replaced with paper notes, since the metal could be used to advantage in war-zone deals owing to its increased purchasing power. As for the gross cost of the coming gigantic campaign—this will be covered for a time by an Emergency Budget, apart from the existing deficit of 1,657,000,000 lire forecast last May in the Roman Chamber for the coming fiscal year.

But the die is cast. " There can be no turning back," Signor Mussolini assured his Blackshirts from the top of a gun-carriage at Eboli. His own young sons, Vittorio and Bruno, have joined the African Air-Force—which includes the most daring pilots and fighters of any European corps. Like D'Annunzio, the Duce recalled Italy's defeats at Dogali and Adua in 1896. They were

due (he said) "to the enormous disparity of forces," engaged in those reckless battles. So in this final reckoning he will take no chances, but bring overwhelming modern war-tools to bear upon the extraordinary rock-fortress of Abyssinia, whose red, gold and green flag—as grim old Menelik reminded the Powers in 1901—"has withstood all attacks, as a Christian island in a sea of pagans for these fourteen hundred years!"

It is thus a fascinating drama that opens when the deluge of the south-west monsoon ceases in late September. No time must be lost in those widely-sundered ports, where accommodation is so scanty, and wasting diseases —malarial fevers of virulent type, with heat-stroke, dysentery and even cholera—can make terrible havoc among the most robust of troops and labour-units just out from Europe and crowded into towns so mean as those of Eritrea and Somali.

As Commander-in-Chief, Rodolfo Graziani urges officers of all arms to gird themselves for a swift attack, so as to end the war almost as soon as it begins. Disaffected lowland chiefs, Somali and Danakil, are to be bought over with cash and rifles, then linked up with Italy's two-fold advance. Speed—that veteran of the Senussi wars with wily Omar-el-Mukhtar has told his troops—is the very essence of a campaign across the lowland "moats" that lie between them and Abyssinia proper, which is an escarped plateau uplifted to 8,000 feet.

This—as Italy's C.-in-C. admits—is a military *terrain* to tax the genius of a Clausewitz or a Napoleon. But those chess-masters of the battle-board knew nothing of aerial bombers, such as the British use with magic effect in the mountains of Iraq, and among the Pathans of Himalayan passes to whom a quiet life is an intolerable curse, and fighting the supremest joy.

For thirteen years did the gallant Graziani match his wits against ruthless fanatics of the Libyan sands and oases. He outwitted them all at last, paralysing mounted

raids by the use of barbed wire entanglements: These he laid by the hundred miles at a cost, for this stuff alone, of over 20,000,000 lire. That desert conquest earned for the tireless (and scholarly) Graziani the highest praise from Emilio de Bono, who was then his chief in the Colonial Ministry in Rome.

Now these two men are together in joint control of the Abyssinian "reckoning": the one as civil administrator, the other as strategist in an assault upon a primitive empire which Nature herself, in the most freakish of her geological moods, seems to defend impregnably. A broken uplift is this Abyssinia. From its high tableland snow-peaks sweep up to twelve, and even fifteen thousand feet. Range after range, with profound ravines and gorges below; with bridgeless torrents, and guerilla bands of mixed breeds in lurk armed with modern rifles; a good gun is here the most prized of all possessions.

Moreover, Abyssinia's armies are incredibly mobile under Amharan leaders of the ruling race. They do not march, so much as run. No commissariat hampers these sinewy Shoans, Gallas and Tigreans. Their mules can follow where any man gets a foothold on the rocks. In Italy's last invasion from Eritrea, Menelik's hordes, 90,000 strong, had an uncanny way of appearing "out of the blue," then vanishing again as quickly, to break up into pickets or scatter at an order from bold Ras Makonnen. That prince was the present Emperor's father; he was also Menelik's cousin, and at one time was named as Heir to the "Conquering Lion" throne.

As leader of Abyssinia's army on that fateful day in the Abu Garima steeps above the little town of Adua, south of Italy's colonial border, Ras Makonnen had surveyed every yard of the ground upon which he was to offer General Baratieri the pitched battle which so utterly humbled the flag of Savoy, and afterwards made Menelik II the most courted monarch that has ever yet reigned in Africa.

Vastly different are the military factors of to-day,

as a glance at General Graziani's "Instructions for Employing Large Units" will show. In this booklet Italy's commander reassures subordinates of all ranks, pointing out to them that ultra-modern weapons—mechanical, ballistic, aerial and chemical—have made any mass-offensive of the Abyssinians impossible. Graziani's campaign has been planned with prescient art upon new maps, and every possible move is calculated and provided for. So his own senior officers—the C.-in-C. is sure—can impose their will upon the enemy and "infuse their own units with intuitive passion, and the capacity to grasp the scope and drift of any given battle."

Meanwhile, the General's partner, Emilio de Bono, attends to the more humdrum but vital business of food and labour, communications, hospitals and supplies of all sorts from overseas, including munitions of war. From Yugoslavia come timber, horses, beef, poultry, eggs and pigs. We all know how Sicily's lemons were commandeered for the thirstiest field of action. Up from Mombasa go shipments of bullocks to Mogadiscio at the rate of over a thousand head a month. Kenya and Uganda, with the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and Egypt itself, as well as Europe and the United States, all profit from General de Bono's endless requisitions.

Everything will be needed here, from artesian well-tubes to ice-making plants, surgical instruments and drugs. Mules are bought in Cyprus and the isles; asphalt in Suez, motor-trucks in Port Said and Alexandria. Skilled labour (at high pay) has been sought in Cairo, and even as far afield as the Dutch East Indies in the hope of securing road-hands and other helpers acclimatized to open-air toil in torrid heat.

What are the chances of success, as the ablest of Europe's military engineers—men who know these hot lowlands and Abyssinia proper—consider them in advance? Mussolini himself is supremely confident. "All Italy"—he vowed at Eboli—"is behind her sons

who are leaving for Africa !" The entire resources of the nation are now committed to the task, and the Duce declares they must prevail over a feudal slave-State which, with the best intentions of reform under the Emperor, Hailé Selassié, can never be brought abreast of to-day's civilization within his lifetime, or that of his son, the Crown-Prince. To lift Abyssinia out of the rut of a thousand years—Il Duce contends—is impossible without oversight from a European Power. And that mandate can be none but Italy's !

Meanwhile, that grave and cultured little Semite, Hailé Selassié prepares for the storm in the strangest of all capitals. Never were so many white faces to be seen in Addis Ababa, including war-correspondents from London, Paris, Rome and New York. Long since the ramshackle Imperial Hotel filled up, with " Carlton " prices for a bed in a choky bathroom, and horse-hire or a meal at the Hotel de France quoted at royal rates. Polyglot salesmen in arms and munitions besiege the Affa Negus (or " Voice of the King ") ; he is that stocky Amharan noble, Belatan Gayta Herouy, the Prime Minister.

Government bureaux on the hill are busy as hives in summer-time. The Belgian and Swedish officers who drill the " New Army " interview volunteers from many lands; some of these landed at Djibouti at their own expense. I saw smart Russians turned down, Irishmen accepted for service, American fliers put off for a while— " till we get delivery of aircraft on order that are still held up." It is amazing how men flock to a so weird and colourful war as this one.

I spoke with adventurers who were " broke " after paying a freight-car fare on the one and only train that winds and groans and sways up to our Addis heights from the Red Sea. This is a costly five-day journey during the rains. It zig-zags through savage desert, around hills and through thorny jungle, with the fussy French metre-gauge engine " resting " every night, as though worn out by the panting haul and its crowd of uproarious

passengers—many of them clinging to the footboards, and all but dragged off by overhanging trees!

Sprawling Addis itself seems more than ever confused, though with more method in its scurry and tumult than foreign observers imagine. The one industry is arming for the defence of this ancient Empire. If in peace-time the Emperor's office-hours were from 7 a.m. until ten at night, to-day H.I.M. and his Ministers outslave any of Abyssinia's three million serfs. In particular, the War Secretary, Ras Mulugueta—never seems to sleep at all. Hailé Selassié's own son-in-law, Desti Damté, stands on watch in the Sidamo area, including Boran and the Ogaden—of which Shiferra Balcha was Governor at the time of the Wal Wal clash in December last.

Abyssinia's best strategist, Ras Kassa, leads the army encamped to the north of the Blue Nile, expecting attack from Eritrea, whence Italy's main advance is to be made. To the south-east of that colony lies the lofty eyrie of Magdala. That rock fortress Sir Robert Napier's column assaulted in 1868, having climbed the passes with a motley horde of camp-followers, including a herd of "Hannibal"-elephants bearing siege-guns on their backs. How Napier's shells sent sad King Theodore's castle crashing about his ears; the forsaken tyrant's suicide in the hour of his defeat, and all the mixed loot (including priceless old manuscripts) which the British soldiers took back with them to London—here are thrilling features of a forgotten Victorian invasion, which only the neutrality of the northern Rases made possible at all.

Now what forces can the Emperor oppose to Graziani's two Armies? Of modern troops, perhaps 60,000 officers and men, all well-armed and knowing the lie of the land as they do their own rifles. Artillery is lacking—though at least three full batteries of French "75's" are on hand. These, and an odd array of elephant-guns, about a hundred old pieces, a few mortars, aircraft and tanks, with some 400 machine-guns and as many more automatic rifles, make up Abyssinia's heavier armament. It appears

forlorn; but every week adds more as licences abroad are put through, and munitions from six or eight nations are dumped on the quays at Djibouti and loaded on the train.

"Even with the best of luck, Graziani will have no walk-over," a veteran French colonel remarked to me one night in a café of that Red Sea metropolis. "His main advance may be made from Massua south towards Magdala, so as to bring on a big action. This he could combine with a flanking move from the south corner of Eritrea on the rear of any defending forces. For just there are roads fit for mechanized units. Such a double threat might be linked with another advance from Somalia directed upon the walled city of Harar which is the capital of the Emperor's own province."

"All hazards depend on whether Italy's objective is 'limited' or 'unlimited.' Does she mean to bite off a strategic-economic slice—or to conquer all Abyssinia in one continuous hammering? The first aim is difficult enough—as the Spaniards found to their bitter cost in the calamitous Battle of Anual, fought in their own Moorish zone. There they lost a whole Army of 20,000 men in 1921, together with all its artillery and stores, to that wily Arab chieftain Abd-el-Krim.

"But I can't believe the Italians hope to smother the Empire in a single effort. The natural barriers are appalling, disasters only too likely in a tropic 'Switzerland' ringed about by waterless deserts far below its craggy uplift. Why, in places the central plateau drops sheer for 4,000 feet!"

"I don't know which of the two Italian Armies would have the more dangerous job. The Simien highlands that block the way from Eritrea would tax any tactical wizard."

"But what of Graziani's aircraft?" I put in. "One hears of a thousand 'planes—"

"We tried them in Morocco," was the brusque reply. "Aye, and tanks too, with motorized 'heavies' and all

the newest gear. We found these a positive disadvantage. Such tools are well enough in a ' civilized ' war, where you have a compact enemy before you, and targets like cities and towns, great arsenals and docks, and factories within handy radius. But what had *we* in those bare brown Berber hills, whether up in the Riff or down south in the Great Atlas ranges? Mark you, we of France thought we knew the game, whereas the Italians have everything to learn in a military *terrain* which is far more forbidding. So many climates and zones, so many warrior races armed and guided by the brainy Amharas—who are no more negroes than our own clever Arab foes. Besides, *we* were much closer to our home bases; we're a far wealthier nation too, and could stand the drain of money and men year after year."

" In Morocco " — this French expert went on — " elaborate weapons had no scope; we had nothing to bomb or bombard. The cost of conquest was enormous when we reckoned the gain in miles. Often our losses equalled, or even exceeded, those of the Great War. Modern tactics only made targets of *us* for daring and skilful snipers who would not fight *our* way, but often bent us to their own elusive will! At last we learned from the enemy. Our bombing 'planes became ambulances. Or we used them as scouts, or droppers of munitions and stores into hard-pressed forts and blockhouses in the hills. It was only by employing a hundred men or more against each scattered dozen of the Berbers that we were at length able to swamp out their mobile defence."

" In my opinion "—the French veteran concluded— " Abyssinia will prove a far tougher fight than was ours in ' Al Moghrab el-Aksa.' And we were many years on that job, despite our experience and varied efforts. I fancy Hailé Selassié and his Rases can put a million gunmen of all sorts into a tangled ' field ' that is four times Great Britain's area. There you have Graziani's task, with his G.H.Q. 5,000 miles from where his Dictator sits at that black oak table in the Sala de Mappamondo of his lovely old palace in the Piazza de Venezia. There is

not a soldier in all Europe or America who will not follow that bold fighter's progress with professional interest, as he walks the wire up to Addis Ababa—that is, if the Imperial *guébeh* on the hill there is to be his victorious goal. This I greatly doubt."

"So Italy has first to face a modernized Army," I remarked, "and after that the whole black Empire in arms? But may not their resistance collapse in terror?"

"Anything can happen—and to either side. But the Abyssinians have already smashed one Italian invasion; rightly or wrongly, they feel they can do it again. At least half a million men are ready, with hosts more in reserve, good or bad. Menelik's army in '96 had queer tricks of its own, with ugly surprises in store for orthodox white troops. At the top came a 'Ras,' or field-marshal. Next to him was the 'Dedjazmatch,' or Chief of the Gate: he ranked as a general. A 'Fitaurari' (Leader of the Advance-Guard) equalled to our colonel. Next in rank was the 'Kognazmatch,' or Chief of the Right Column; he was a sort of commandant. Lastly, they had his colleague the 'Gheruazmatch,' on the Left; and the 'Balamberas' (Fortress Chief)—acted as lieutenant, or junior officer in the thick of a bloody scrimmage."

"All of them, from the Emperor himself down, must share the shock: otherwise the rank and file may kill them as cowards where they stand. No 'brass hats' in Abyssinia's war-mode; no soft Staff jobs in the rear, but every man in the firing-line where there's a chance of a decisive stroke—as against poor Baratieri long ago, above Adua. Otherwise, they scatter and lie in wait. Cunning fellows and dour fighters, with Nature herself in league as their dreadful ally. None of us envy Rodolfo Graziani; all of us are *looking* at him. No doubt he'll strike hard or hold off, as events may fall. You remember Napoleon's —'I engage and *then* I see!'"

"And the result: do you see that . . . out there?"

"I do not. Nor can any living man foresee it. Like the religion of Rabelais it remains—'a great Perhaps!'"

The Evolution of the Pound Sterling

By Arthur Kitson

THE vindication of truth is often extremely and painfully tardy. Time may bring its revenges, but only after lengthy intervals entailing much suffering. It has taken fifteen years of trade depression, with its attendant evils of unemployment, wholesale bankruptcies, suicides and insanity, involving incalculable losses on the people of all nations, to demonstrate the truth proclaimed many years ago that the gold basis for the world's currencies is insecure to support the volume of trade which modern civilization requires.

A further example will be found in the present nature of our monetary pound.

More than forty years ago the writer of this article published a work entitled " A Scientific Solution of the Money Question " in which he endeavoured to prove the essentially ideal nature of currency in opposition to the orthodox theory that money is a commodity, and, as one well-known writer at that time stated, " it was unthinkable except as a material substance possessing value."

In his speech in the House of Commons on May 6th, 1844, when introducing the Bank Charter Act, Sir Robert Peel attempted to define the monetary pound according to the orthodox teachings.

" My first question," said Sir Robert Peel, " is, what constitutes this measure of value? What is the significance of the word ' pound '? Unless we are agreed on the answer to these questions, it is in vain we attempt to legislate on the subject. If a ' pound ' is a mere visionary abstraction, a something which does not exist either in law or practice, in that case one class of measures relating to paper currency may be adopted; but if the word ' pound,' the common denomination of value, signifies something more than mere fiction—if a ' pound ' means

a quantity of the precious metals of certain weight and certain fineness—if that be the definition of a 'pound,' in that case another class of measures relating to paper currency will be requisite. Now, the whole foundation of the proposal I am about to make, rests upon the assumption that according to practice, according to law, according to the ancient monetary policy of this country, that which is implied by the word 'pound' is a certain definite quantity of gold with a mark upon it to determine its weight and fineness, and that the engagement to pay a 'pound' means nothing, and can mean nothing else, than the promise to pay the holder, when he demands, that definite quantity of gold."

This definition became known as the "store of value" theory and has been accepted not only by bankers but economists and city editors and taught in our schools and colleges as unanswerable. And yet it is probably the most absurd and most misleading definition that could possibly have been given and has caused untold social misery in the attempts of Governments to make practice conform to this false theory.

Strangely enough, the definition was disregarded by Sir Robert Peel himself in the very Act he was introducing. He (and probably his advisers) evidently realized that a rigorous enforcement of the gold commodity theory would be impracticable, and he therefore authorized the issue of fiduciary notes representing the Government's debt to the Bank, which was then about £12,000,000, and later rose to £19,500,000. These notes had no gold backing.

These fiduciary notes constituted the final basis of the currency for the reason that when gold was exported and the Bank's vaults emptied of gold, only the fiduciary issue remained as the one reliable form of currency upon which the British public had to depend.

The main fallacy in Peel's theory was in confounding money with gold. The two are entirely distinct. Gold has never been money, and money has never been gold,

in spite of all legislation to the contrary. A practical illustration of this was suggested by the writer on many occasions long before the War. This was to deface a golden sovereign or melt it into a button. The gold remained intact but where was the money? It was no longer legal tender. It was no longer currency, and its monetary qualities could only be restored by the Government re-minting it.

Surely the world's experiences during and since the War with national currencies, should be sufficient to convince the authorities that money is not a commodity, that it is not necessary to associate it with the precious metals. It is no longer a " store of value."

The Pound Sterling is Non-existent

What is the pound sterling at the present time? Sir Robert Peel would have had great difficulty in defining it, except as " a visionary abstraction." *It has no material existence.* It is not a certain quantity of any metal nor is it a guarantee for the delivery of any specified quantity of gold. *Our legal tender to-day consists of promises-to-pay a nonentity.* The pound sterling is merely the pound of account and is designated by the sign £. Beyond this it is a myth. Surely here is a demonstration of the essentially ideal or abstract quality of money.

From the outbreak of the Great War in 1914, we have had no material pound sterling. During the War and for years after, the pound was represented by the Treasury note, and even after the Gold Standard was re-established in 1925 by Mr. Winston Churchill, we still had no material monetary pound.

It is true that the 1928 Bank Act made a pretence of establishing Peel's golden pound by means of the Bank's obligation to exchange 400 ounces of gold in bars for about 1,700 of these one-pound promissory notes; *but these bars were not money, and the promises-to-pay one pound to the bearer, engraven on every note, have never been fulfilled!* The very Act which allowed the creation of

these notes, also permitted the Bank to evade its promises; all of which is a remarkable contradiction of Sir Robert Peel's crude materialistic definition of money!

Gold Barter Theory

The Gold Standard theory is based upon the barter theory. To exchange goods and services for golden sovereigns or notes exchangeable for gold is merely a specialized form of barter, and belongs to the age of barbarism!

A correct definition of money is—*a legalized and generally accepted order for the free delivery of goods and services to the bearer*. What then becomes of the old theory that money is essentially a "standard of value"? We have seen that the "store of value" theory has been abandoned as quite non-essential.

Now the Gold Standard theory is based upon the belief that the yellow metal is a "stable measure of value," and that therefore by associating gold with money, a stable currency can be obtained. In the light of a century's experiences, this assertion can only be seriously accepted by the uninstructed and densely ignorant.

Gold has fluctuated in common with all other commodities from time to time, not merely from the changes in the natural supplies of the metal itself, but from the manipulations of international speculators.

Long before the War, Francis Walker—the leading American economist—admitted that gold had proved so unstable that it was absurd to regard it as in any sense a "standard."

But further than this, what sense is there in speaking of a "*measure* of value"? Values are not "measured," they are estimated. No one has so far been able to "measure" the value of any article by putting a so-called monetary standard beside it.

Our ordinary standards of physical measurements involve physical operations. One can measure the length, breadth, and height of a building with the ordinary

standard of length; but no one could "measure" the value of that building by means of any so-called "standard of value." In the past, the writer has had many of his buildings, factories and plants appraised by professional appraisers, but he never found any one of them using "a standard of value" in their operations. Their estimates were obtained by comparing like with like, and by local conditions, such as rates, taxes, rental charges, and by ascertaining for what sums similar buildings and articles had been sold in that particular neighbourhood. In other words, they made the best guess they could.

It is true that we use monetary terms such as the pound sterling for expressing the exchange relations of goods one with the other. The classical definition of exchange value is the quantitative relations between goods in the process of exchange, and is expressed by a ratio of numbers.

Standard of Value Fallacy

This fallacy of "a standard of value" has served to confuse the minds of most people in their consideration of the money question.

It would be interesting to know how the orthodox economists—the believers in what is termed "sound currency"—would define "a standard of value" at the present time, considering that the business world is carrying on by means of promises-to-pay a nonentity. And what can be said for those who are urging a return to the Gold Standard, especially in view of the terrible disasters it has occasioned in the past? Our ancestors experienced the effect of this ruinous system a century ago when Sir Robert Peel allowed the destruction of the Pitt notes (which had financed this country successfully during the Napoleonic Wars) and established the Gold Standard by the Act of 1819. There followed thirty years of industrial and trade depression, of wholesale bankruptcies and untold suffering ending in the "hungry

forties," during which hundreds of people literally died of starvation! A more heartless experiment was never previously known! And, as Disraeli once said, we were only saved from final ruin by two accidents, *viz.*, the discoveries of gold in California and in Australia, which reversed the policy of Sir Robert Peel by increasing the money supplies and raising the level of prices; all of which might have been avoided if the Government of that time had allowed the Pitt notes to continue to function as currency.

One would have supposed that this experience would have sufficed to prevent later Governments from attempting a similar policy. But after the late War, we had precisely the same policy repeated with the same ruinous results! The Treasury notes—which enabled us to carry on during the Great War, and bring it to a successful conclusion—were both scientifically and practically the best form of currency this country has ever known. They represented the public credit. They were under the direct control of the Government. The supply could be augmented and contracted as conditions required with out any expense to the nation.

And had the supply been increased during the War to meet the Government expenses, the tax-payers would have been saved the interest charges on bonds amounting to £300,000,000 per annum without the risk of any greater inflation than that which occurred from the issue of bank credit!

Who Redeems Money?

It should be remembered that money is redeemed by the public, not by the banks. It is the public who give value to it by accepting it in exchange for goods and services.

Unfortunately, this subject is so generally misunderstood, and so many false ideas have become incorporated in our terminology, that it is difficult for the public to realize that money is nothing more than a ticket or token.

It is not wealth, but merely a title or order for the delivery of wealth. Money is a *social* instrument. It is an invention, a mere convenience for facilitating the exchange of goods and services. But owing to the many "terminological inexactitudes" connected with it, the public regard it as the very embodiment of wealth, *per se*. Money is never consumed. It takes no active part in production; and when Government Officials and Members of Parliament raise the question as to "where is the money to come from?" for certain much-needed public undertakings, they are displaying the profoundest ignorance of the whole subject.

If the Government were to issue Treasury notes for such an enterprise as getting rid of slums and building decent homes for the people, it would be merely giving orders to the public to provide the necessary material and labour for such work and at no cost to the tax-payers.

As to the charge of inflation, this can only occur when the orders are in excess of the supplies. So long as the public wants are unsatisfied, so long as there is plenty of available labour and raw material and idle machinery, the issue of money for specific undertakings would not constitute inflation.

The Supremacy of Gold

Gold owes its supremacy entirely to Parliamentary laws which have conferred upon it the privileges of the money metal. It is probably the most useless of all metals and the one which mankind could most readily abandon without any disturbance of its industrial affairs. The spectacle of thousands of men being employed in digging this metal from the earth, refining it, melting it, and then hoarding and guarding it in underground vaults, is one that must excite the amusement and ridicule of all those who are able to view this matter impartially.

Over thirty years ago, the writer had some correspondence with the late Lord Courtney on the subject of international trade, and suggested that the gold question

for the settlement of international balances could most readily be solved by establishing an international clearing house at (say) the Hague or Geneva. All that would be required for this purpose would be a set of books in which the foreign debts of all nations would be entered, and the transfer of all the gold above ground to newly constructed vaults at this centre.

With the export of goods and services, transfers of gold could be registered from one nation's account to another's. The work and expense of gold mining might then cease, and however large these trade balances became, they could be indicated in figures representing ounces of gold in the vaults and in the earth from which it need never be removed. Indeed, gold would be far safer associated with quartz, with arsenical pyrites, or even as alluvial deposits, than if transferred to bank vaults, and would be just as effective in financial affairs.

In conclusion, the solution of the money question will be found in a general understanding of the true nature of money and of its only function. But so long as it is treated as essentially an interest-bearing commodity, and so long as the supply is arbitrarily limited far below the public needs, so long shall we be menaced by further disasters.

Pauline

By La Comptesse Jean de Pange

(*Translated from the French by Hugh Barnes*)

ROBERT LESTRANGES TO THE COUNTESS DE CHAMARANDE.

Kermadac (Finistère),

September 25th, 193...

THOSE were my mistresses; now I must tell you a little about my fiancée. She is Pauline de Lansaudière. The name will mean nothing to you. She belongs to a good county family and lives in a Manor House in Anjou, so that it is all that it should be for a good marriage.

One of the most delicious things about our relationship, my dear, is that I can talk to you just as I like without your taking offence.

Oh! why am I the son of a famous father? Did I ask for so stupid a fate? If you knew the atmosphere in which I was brought up, always in my father's shadow, so to speak, or if you like, blinded by the reflection of his mighty intellect! Even as a child I always loved an active, straightforward life and I quickly realized that there was no place for me on my father's lofty plane. One never enjoyed a fine spring morning at home without quoting some Greek poet. I could not bear it for I inherited the sensitive, nervous temperament of my mother.

So when they spoke to me of a young girl whom I could marry, I felt an immense hope spring up inside me. The eternal desire to find the other half of one's self burned in my heart. I came with unusual confidence to this country house of M. de Lansaudière and what more is there to tell you? Now I love Pauline.

She is willing to marry me. With her education and ideas, I am a sort of hero for her; that is what delights me. For a young girl to make a present of herself to me like this, gives me confidence and teaches me how to live

again. You know the young girls of Paris! She is so different, I am filled with respect and astonishment and am almost at a loss how to approach her.

And you, dear Lucile—for that is your name in my heart—do not forget that I sent you a month ago a copy of our ballet. Compose that brilliant, melancholy music of which you alone know the secret. We shall see much of each other this autumn during the rehearsals. Think of me always as your affectionate brother.

PAULINE DE LANSAUDIÈRE TO JEAN LESTRANGES.

Kermadec (Finistère),
September 26th, 193...

Sir,

Let me write to you but let me address you like that for the moment. When we know each other a little better, I will call you father, but not yet. I want you to know the truth. This letter was written four years ago, but I never dared to send it to you. What would you have thought of a little provincial's audacity in writing you a letter of six pages without even knowing you? My story is quite a simple one, but perhaps Robert has not told you about it.

I am, as you know, an orphan. Since my father's death, I have lived with my uncle, M. de la Gauterie, in his manor house of La Gauterie, in Maine-et-Loire. He was far too busy with his farms and his shooting to trouble much about me and he let me run wild with a few lessons from the good rector of the village, who was a fine scholar.

The only event was the annual visit of my aunt de Lansaudière during the Easter holidays. She came from Paris! She told me about the latest fashions and scolded my uncle for letting me grow up like a little wild fawn. She often brought me books, too, the latest novels, in yellow, mauve and light-green covers, quite unlike the venerable old tomes that the rats nibbled in our own library. It was thus that I saw your name for the first time: "Lestranges. . . . Jean Lestranges" on the title

page of your journey in Greece, called " In the Footsteps of Pausanias."

I shall never be able to make you understand with what emotion I read your pages. You revealed to my sixteen years that Greek world which till then had lain cold and dead in my exercises and translations. A veil was torn from my eyes; suddenly I understood all the poetry that springs from the youth of the world. You awoke something dormant in me!

You know the rest. You know how I went to Brittany with my aunt and heard someone speak your name. I blushed without doubt, for I was astonished.

" Lestranges! Yes, of course, I admire his works enormously, but it is his son, Robert, you are going to see to-morrow."

His son! He has a son! I had never thought of that. Lestranges could have a son; I do not know why I felt so nervous. Then I saw Robert and what had to happen has happened. It is not you, but something of yours. He loves me. I am going to marry him and become your daughter without even having been introduced to you.

JEAN LESTRANGES TO PAULINE DE LANSAUDIÈRE.

Paris, Quai d'Orléans,

Dear Child, *September 28th*, 193...

I do not know how to tell you how much your letter has touched me. I have read it many times before attempting to reply. I feel young again and a wave of warm, young blood seems to have rushed to my heart. I seemed to be walking again in the outskirts of Rome, in the shade of Tivoli, with my dear Beatrice, who was to become one day Robert's mother.

Since her death, Robert has taken her place in my heart. He has her complexion, her eyes and hair. I saw her live again in him and I enjoyed again the rather wild happiness that had been the springtime of our too brief love.

I am sending you my last book: "The Purple Shroud." You will learn from it what the experience of life has taught me. You cannot know what loneliness means; you cannot have felt that ghastly sensation of being locked into one's self. Am I going to escape from it thanks to you? Are you going to succeed, where I have failed, in influencing Robert? For the last twenty years, my soul has been like an enchanted castle where I live with nothing but memories. Are you going to bring it to life? The little fairy whom Robert brings to it has only to say a word and all the doors will open before her. Let me remind you of the touching inscription that I once read on a doorway in Sienna: *Cor magis tibi Sena pandit.* So will the doors of my heart open wide before you.

PAULINE TO ROBERT.

La Gauterie
(Maine-et-Loire),
October 15th, 193...

Robert,

Already I must write to you, although I have only just arrived in my old home. I am soon going to leave it to follow you, never to leave you.

I follow you in my thoughts; I can almost hear you speaking to your father and making plans for our future. I am impatiently waiting for your first letter. Shall I read it with the same tears of joy as the letter you sent me by a little beggar on the beach, the day of our little misunderstanding! You remember our quarrel?

Robert, I love you. I told you so on the day of our engagement. I tell you so again to-night, before I go to sleep to dream of you.

ROBERT TO PAULINE.

Paris,
October 17th, 193...

Your letter is in my hands, Pauline. It is night and I

read it again and again yesterday. Now there is not a sound, nothing but the blood in my veins.

You are here, Pauline, as much with me as if I held you in my arms. You remind me of vanished days; I, too, have my memories.

Ah, Pauline, I live now in expectation of the day when I shall feel you truly in my arms for all our lives.

I imagine you now sleeping in the old canopied bed which you have so often described to me; I hope that you feel in your dreams the warmth of a passionate breath; and I, I am going to lock myself in my room, turn out the light and in the darkness in which I shall remain a long time without sleep, I shall think again of your distant lips.

FROM THE DIARY OF JEAN LESTRANGES.

Paris,

Quai d'Orléans.

November.

At last I have seen my future daughter-in-law. Robert brought her to see me this afternoon. She was dressed with quiet elegance and wore a blue dress and a small hat. It is difficult to describe her features, that Grecian profile and her large eyes like those of a timid and curious hind.

I was quickly in sympathy with her, far more so than I ever am with Robert. How is it that my own son is further away from me than this little girl brought up in the country?

Somehow I feel responsible for their marriage, especially as she seems to seek me in Robert. She has for Robert that physical love that contents so many young people, but I know too well that it will not satisfy her. Perhaps I ought to take advantage of my influence over her in Robert's interest, but is it not rather my duty to

develop this soul that has come so spontaneously towards me?

PAULINE TO M. DE LA GAUTERIE.

Hôtel d'Angleterre,
Fontainebleau.
December 4th, 193...

My dear Uncle,

I cannot tell you how sorry I have been that this unfortunate attack of gout prevented you from coming to my wedding. I have felt so lonely and so doubly an orphan that I wanted to cry.

I have been quite amazed at the quaintness of the marriage ceremony. But first of all I must tell you that the night before Monsieur Lestranges brought me a veil in old Brussels point. It was his wife's and he became quite pale as he unfolded it. He put it on my forehead and asked me as a favour to wear it instead of the one my aunt had given me.

The ceremony at Saint-Clotilde seemed interminable. I had a little headache and thus scarcely heard the sermon; and then the procession to the vestry seemed to go on for ever.

At last I had a glimpse of that Countess de Chamarande of whom Robert speaks so often. She is a large, middle-aged blonde with much rouge on her lips. I did not much care for the way in which she pressed my fingers so hard I thought she was going to break them and said, "Make him happy, he has such need of happiness." What business is it of hers, anyhow? Robert is very fond of her. He says that if it had not been for her he would have remained a man of the world without ambition and that she has taught him his vocation in life. It may be so, but I should have preferred another teacher.

We are now in Fontainebleau for a few days and then we are going to Saint-Moritz. Much love from us both.

PAULINE TO JEAN LESTRANGES.

Grand Hôtel,
Saint-Moritz.
December 6th, 193...

My dear Father,

Robert asks me to write to you first, as he believes I can describe our happiness better than he. It is quite untrue. I thought I already knew a little about love, but I find that words change their meaning according to the seasons of life.

I am a little disappointed with Saint-Moritz. I imagined great white solitudes of earth and sky, where we could lose ourselves in a sort of intoxication with sun and snow. I find instead a very worldly place, where it is almost impossible to be alone.

The Countess de Chamarande has written to Robert with many excuses for making a nuisance of herself, but she says that their famous ballet is going to be performed at the Theatre Champs-Elysées and that Robert must return for the rehearsals. It is a pity, for I believe that the first days of love have a great influence over the future.

I must now leave you to take my ski-ing lesson with Robert. He is very clever and quickly learns a new sport, but I am nervous and awkward and make many mistakes. I try to hide them from Robert, but I want to tell you everything. You are my confidant and I am very happy to depend on you. I can almost imagine now your hands are on my brow as they were when you put on the wedding veil you gave me. I shall never forget that moment when you made me your daughter with the veil of your own wife.

ROBERT TO THE COUNTESS DE CHAMARANDE.

Grand Hôtel,
St. Moritz.
December 7th, 193...

Do not be angry with me, dear Éliane, for not writing before; I have been very happy and it is most absorbing.

I promised to tell you everything, but I really have not much to tell you. Pauline is absolutely charming; beyond that, what more do you want?

My wife is admirable, she is always trying to learn something. Between Paris and Saint-Moritz, she polished up her already extensive knowledge of history and geography. She looks at everything like a professor who is writing a history of the world.

I am joking, of course, and it is only a little flaw in the diamond for Pauline to sacrifice so much time to what she calls *Knowledge*. I love her so much that I am jealous of anything that steals her from me even for a few minutes. I could almost curse my father when, in exaggerated filial piety, she tries to make me read all his books, which till now I have scarcely glanced at.

Of course, you are going to ask your favourite question: "Are you happy?" Yes, naturally I am happy. My wife is everything to me. . . .

JEAN LESTRANGES TO PAULINE.

Paris, Quai d'Orléans,
December 8th, 193...

Do not apologise for writing to me first, my dear child; I cannot complain if Robert has chosen you as interpreter. I am only sorry that he always finds it such a trouble to write to me.

I am sorry that the Countess de Chamarande forces you to return to Paris, all the more so because I have had to accept an invitation to lecture in Rome, Naples and Palermo, before going to Crete to examine the recent excavations there. Thus I fear I shall be away when you arrive. But we can write to each other, of course. I could not do without your letters.

You speak of coming to live with me. I should have been delighted, but it is impossible, for I know I should be in the way. I feel that I must not trespass too much on the intimacy of your lives. I must not disturb Love and Psyche.

PAULINE TO JEAN LESTRANGES.

Saint-Moritz,
December 12th, 193...

My dear Father,

I have returned to the hotel to write to you, leaving Robert practising figures of eight on the ice. I want to be alone to talk frankly to you. I am going to tell you everything. I am happy here and without that letter from the Countess de Chamarande we should not have thought of returning so soon to Paris. And yet, in spite of myself, I am home-sick for your library and that corner where I sat while you showed me your books.

I have tried to persuade Robert to realize how good it would be for him to follow you to Rome. He is very clever, but he lacks the courage to cultivate his talents. He has a sort of prejudice against anything that seems serious to him. He says again and again that he is afraid of losing his spontaneity. He sincerely believes a book is an obstacle between him and the real world and can prevent him from getting into contact with things. I do not understand what he means.

My heart is broken at not being able to say,
Good-bye for the moment.

ROBERT TO THE COUNTESS DE CHAMARANDE.

Saint-Moritz,
December 20th, 193...

I am not made for happiness, dear Éliane. I do not blame Pauline but I wonder if the difference between our characters is not deeper than I imagined. If Pauline merely enjoyed reading serious books, that would be only half bad, but she has the most profound scorn for anyone who does not do the same.

She has been almost rude to all our friends, Madame de Parabin, the Duquesnes, etc. She pretends that she is too tired to dance in the evening and only does so under protest. She would much prefer to lock herself in her

room and write to my father. She knows perfectly well that she is not at ease with all the elegant women who dance here, and it rather annoys her, although she says they are so stupid and frivolous. Of course, she seems rather peculiar to them. She pays so little attention to appearances. She covers herself with a thick coat of white powder in the morning, and thinks it a great waste of time to have her hair waved. In short, a thousand details, if you like, but they are what I consider very important. . . .

I hope that our ballet will soon be produced. It will give us an opportunity for a long talk, dear Eliane.

PAULINE TO ROBERT.

Saint-Moritz,

December 27th, 193...

You wrote to me, Robert, on the day after our marriage. I want to reply to it to-night before our brief honeymoon comes to an end, in my turn I want to put on paper things that I do not know how to say to you.

While I was packing my bag, I thought of our departure to-morrow for Paris and I felt discouraged. I wanted to tell someone about it. I should like you to be for me what Madame de Chamarande is for you. I know you never tell me the things you write to her. I should be happier if it were not so, but I understand that you have need of such a friend. Are you willing to be my friend too? Then I will tell you something of the trouble in my heart. Everything is different since your father's letter announcing his departure.

You know that long before I knew you, your father was the hero of my adolescence. Then I met you and I thought I saw your father in you; then I loved you for yourself, although you are so unlike him; but still I am haunted by that childish dream of my hero, your father, as he was to me for so many years. I cannot describe this heartache, but it is enough to make me suffer;

perhaps you feel something like this for Madame de Chamarande. I almost hope so, for that would help you to understand me. I have thought about it for a long time and I know now that there is only one remedy for it. I must be able to link together these two parts of my love and for that, you must be more like your father. I do not speak of the body but of the mind. Will you try?

Something must be done to destroy the glorious phantom that rises between us. If it were a stranger, you could be jealous, but you cannot be jealous of the one who fills my thoughts. You must, however, efface him from my mind by taking his place yourself. You must become more like him.

I tell you all this as if you were just a friend whom I could ask for help. I know you will ask Madame de Chamarande for advice; I do not blame you, I love you and I should like to love you more. That is all. I have shown you how you can make me love you far more . . .

But please do not speak to me about this, you understand?

ROBERT TO PAULINE.

Saint-Moritz,

My dear Pauline, *the same day.*

Your note somewhat surprised me and since we are to be quite frank with one another, I must confess that Madame de Chamarande's name seems to me to occur a little too often in your letter. You are quite right not to be jealous of her. I have never hidden from you the depth of our friendship and it is silly of you to expect me to tell you everything I tell her. Let us get this quite clear; all your bitterness against her can only make her more dear to me.

I am very willing to forgive you all you have said (I know how young and inexperienced you are) and as willingly I will forget the rather absurd story you tell me about my father. You have a husband who loves you, thank God; he only wants to make you happy and

all you can find to say to him is this ridiculous regret that he is not more like his father. My dear Pauline, you merely made a hero when you were a school-girl out of your romantic imagination, a sort of monster to charm your infant loneliness, but you really have no chance of ever meeting him for he does not, fortunately exist, in this world. I let you see me just as I am; I depicted our life together as it was going to be, I do not remember your finding it distasteful then. So do not talk to me now of some indefinable change you expect to see in me, which you do not even seem to understand yourself.

You married me and not my father. In the name of our happiness, do not try to make me like him. I have been trying to escape from his overwhelming personality ever since my childhood. I am a healthy fellow, mediocre, if you like, and very ordinary; I have no intellectual pretensions and I never shall have any. I have tried to keep a certain sensitiveness to life and if you had not lost all sight of reality, you would have realized how much your letter could hurt me. I am not going to write immortal pages on passion, but I know what it is and it is extremely painful for me to hear my wife say that I do not conform to her dreams and especially that what she likes best in me is only a reflection.

I hope, my dear Pauline, that you will quickly return to a healthy frame of mind. I do not blame you, but I want you to consider all this as calmly as you can. You have a husband who loves you, Pauline; he may be a very ordinary fellow, but you accepted him with all his faults; he has given you all his man's love without looking for difficulties where there are none and when you are a little older, you will realize that such love is worth many fine words and phrases.

PAULINE TO JEAN LESTRANGES.

Paris, Hôtel Plazza,

My dear father, *January 3rd*, 193...

For the last eight days I have been going to write to

you, but I hoped to be able to tell you that we were happy. Alas, it would not be quite true, as least as far as I am concerned. Nothing happens as I imagined it would; perhaps my idea of happiness was only an idle dream.

Robert spends much of his time in the theatre for the rehearsals of his ballet and I remain in this horrid hotel thinking of you. Robert does not understand me. He pretends that he loves me, but he goes his own way and makes no effort to adapt his rather strange ideas to mine.

And you, you have abandoned me. You thought it would be wiser to leave us alone together, but we are scarcely taking advantage of your consideration. I am rather inclined to think that your presence might have brought us closer together. Robert is very easily influenced and you might be able to persuade him to give up these vulgar activities in the theatre. I believe our happiness depends on your return. Write to me soon; I am very miserable and I must have your letters.

JEAN LESTRANGES TO PAULINE.

Hôtel d'Espagne, Rome,
January 12, 193...

My dear child,

I cannot tell you how sorry I was to receive your last letter. I thought you were perfectly happy. Robert cannot realize what a treasure he has in you. Perhaps I have spoilt him, but I loved him so much, he was all I had in the world.

I am as much dismayed as you by his present occupation, but it is for you and not for me to change him. Do not ask me to intervene between you, for it would only drive him further away from you. I will do anything I can to help you, so long as it is unbeknown to him. We must not expose ourselves to dangers which you in your inexperience cannot even suspect. We must not play with fire; it would only leave ashes.

PAULINE TO JEAN LESTRANGES.

Hôtel Plazza, Paris,
January 18th, 193...

My dear father,

Your kind letter reached me last night just as I was leaving for the last rehearsal of the famous ballet. It helped me through a very trying evening.

I knew all the tiresome tunes of *Cocktail* by heart for Robert has been singing them to me for the last fortnight. He thinks he is very "spontaneous" because he writes verses to negro music! Fortunately they are very short. Madame de Chamarande is in charge of the ballet of poor young girls who are dressed like savages and of some others who wear more but only look the more indecent.

I am sending you some papers with the accounts of the ballet. I loathe seeing your name mixed up with such nonsense. I do not much like Robert's photograph appearing so close to that of Madame de Chamarande, but I cannot blame him. I know he is speaking the truth when he says that she is nothing more than his friend, but I am hurt by this all pervading friendship that leaves so small a place for me. I think of what might have been if we three could have lived together and there are tears in my eyes.

JEAN LESTRANGES TO ROBERT.

Hôtel Excelsior, Rome,
January 20th, 193...

My dear Robert,

Pauline tells me in a letter of the success of your ballet. I congratulate you with all my heart. I should have preferred, you know, to see you using your talent in other ways, but I love you too much not to share in your success whatever it may be.

Pauline sent me some of the newspapers and I must confess that I am a little shocked at seeing Madame de

Chamarande's photograph next to yours. It almost looks as if you lived together. I realize that it is merely imprudence, but it might easily offend and hurt Pauline. I cannot understand how you can run such a risk. You have been fortunate enough to win the most adorable and sweetest child in the world and yet you seem to be absolutely oblivious of the fact. Your attitude is quite inexplicable to me. She would have liked me to shorten my tour to join you, but I think it would be most unwise. You must both fight your own way to mutual happiness.

ROBERT TO JEAN LESTRANGES.

Paris,
January 30th, 193...

Excuse me for not having written before, but I know Pauline gives our news and I have been so busy. I am delighted with your congratulations. I fully realize that my success is very unimportant, but I am quite satisfied if I amuse my contemporaries. I have not hidden this from Pauline and she must have explained it to you.

I think you have been unnecessarily alarmed about a trifle. Madame de Chamarande and I are the joint authors of *Cocktail* and our photographs were thus quite naturally published together. If your work brought you more in contact with contemporary ideas, you would realize that no one is shocked at such things any more. In any case, it is all very innocent and I am glad to think that Pauline does not pay any attention to it herself. I agree with you that she is a most charming woman; we are very happy and looking forward to seeing you again.

PAULINE TO JEAN LESTRANGES.

Paris,
February 20th, 193...

My dear father,

Your letters are my only comfort in the eccentric and rather monotonous life we lead here. I am trying

to follow your advice and make a rather unsuccessful attempt to find happiness in these surroundings. I go out with Robert almost every evening. The other day we went to a great dinner at Madame de Chamarande's.

She has a large house in the avenue Henri Martin. The drawing-room is very strange; there is hardly any furniture, except divans and cushions. The dinner was served on little tables. I was naturally far away from Robert with people I did not know. Oulinoff-Ratschek, a painter, sat next to me and told me stories which were supposed to be funny, but I could not see their point.

Robert sometimes takes me to Montparnasse. I cannot understand what pleasure he can find in sitting for hours before a cocktail in a smoky café. It all fills me with disgust, but he says it excites his imagination.

I was alone all yesterday afternoon and set to work on a secret project I have been considering for some days. I went to the National Library. I felt very bold in going thus without any recommendation to ask at the office for an entrance card, but the name of Lestranges opened all doors with a magic touch. Your name is at least known there as it should be and they do not confuse it with the author of *Cocktail*. I hesitated a long time in front of the shelves and at last decided on Lenormant's " Great Greece " and Decharme's " Mythology." I am going to read them and follow you on your pilgrimage. I shall be nearer to you and our ideal than I have been for a long time. It will almost be as if we were reading them together.

[*The final instalment of these letters will appear in the October number of* THE ENGLISH REVIEW.]

The Exile

By Ashley Sampson

WHEN God turned Adam from the green
And hallowed vale of Eden's coast
I think He sent my Soul to stray
With this frail body as its host.

For I have ever felt the world
Of sense a place which never knew
How all the message of His Love
Once in a single garden grew.

It is as though the flesh remained
A pale reflection of the glow
Which made of Eden a paradise
That only God and angels know.

Yet somewhere in that cool retreat
I know that He has set about
To make a home for Adam's world
When the long purpose is worked out.

History and Politics

By G. R. Stirling Taylor

IT has become the habit to say that this is the " Age of Science." But this general statement is only true in a rather shallow sense. For the science that has been dominant during recent years is only a small part of all that should be included in such a proud term. Science, which is knowledge, means something much greater, much higher than the mechanical triumphs which the users of that phrase so often have in their minds.

Wireless sets, gramophones, racing cars, submarines, high explosives, medical drugs in capsules and the thousand and one mechanical marvels on which anyone can gaze during a walk down a street of shops; all these are undoubtedly the result of the pursuits and captures of science. But they are only, one hopes, a mere fraction—and often a very ignoble fraction—of all that should be denoted by that very magnificent word, knowledge. It is science, of a sort, which enables a murderer to poison the victim, or an army to destroy its enemies in the quickest time. It is science (again of a sort) which makes a loud speaker that drives all its neighbours to the verge of insanity, or builds a factory town that is a monument of ugliness under a pall of smoke.

It would seem that all these triumphs of science are scarcely worthy of the title of an " Age " on the pages of history; although it would be true (and, indeed, imperative in impartial history) to write of an age of lunatics or of criminals, if such were the fact. There may even be sceptics who wonder whether there is much to be thankful for when we have only escaped from the unscientific Black Death to run into that triumph of science, the Great War.

Even if it be granted that there is something to be said for calling this an age of science, there is a very obvious and serious defect in it. If the mechanical

sciences are having the time of their lives and the engineers and chemists begin to imagine that they rule the world, on the other hand it will be noted that the statesmen and politicians, who are commonly supposed to do the ruling themselves, are conducting their work in the unscientific and amateurish manner which is usually associated with the management of an old dame's school of a time when science was never mentioned. This accusation is applicable to all political parties alike.

It is with one specific defect of this unscientific governing method (whether Tory, Liberal or Labour) that it is proposed to deal in this paper. The politician almost completely ignores the knowledge that can be discovered in historical records. It is the business of the scientist to collect facts as the basis of his research. Now history is the collection of the facts of human behaviour and human needs and desires; and therefore the first business of the scientific statesman is to go to that museum or library of information and examine the facts or data on which his decisions should be based. There is little or no evidence that the politician realizes or uses this most valuable source of knowledge. Just think of the monetary disasters we might have been saved if our statesmen had been sufficiently educated to read Alison's history of the financial crisis that followed the Napoleonic Wars. Then we would probably have been spared the ignominy of returning to the Gold Standard in 1925 only to leave it again in 1931. Again, how much more likely it is that the Americans would rescue their nation from its present economic peril if they would begin by carefully reading, for example, Mr. J. Truslow Adams' two recent volumes, " A History of the American People." They would then understand that most of what is happening to-day has happened (in lesser degrees) many times before; and they would see how earlier remedies had succeeded or failed.

There is a hasty and entirely wrong impression that a

practical man of affairs can get much more quickly to the true source of his problem if he examines the present facts which are before his eyes and does not waste time on the past. The present is assumed to be the latest word; which is true, of course. But what is not true is that this latest word of the moment is equal in weight and permanence to the words of the ages, of which the present is only the last small speck of dust on the top of the monument of time.

Surely no one would venture to argue that the top stone is more important than the foundations on which the whole structure rests? History is the foundation of our present political life. If an architect be invited to report on the stability of a building he will, of course, be impressed by any obvious defects in the roof beams or the buttresses and walls. But if he is a careful man he will not be ready to give an opinion until he has examined the foundations below the ground level. When a politician ignores history, he neglects to examine the foundations of the structure which he is attempting to restore or rebuild or on which he proposes to place additions. Is there any architect who would put on another storey to a house until he was certain that the structure beneath would stand the strain?

To put it in a sentence: History is the foundation of politics. It is this foundation that the statesmen neglect when they do not carefully examine all the available records, so that they may understand those human beings whom it is their business to govern. Except in the most superficial way, the politicians almost ignore the lessons of history. They occasionally score over each other in debate by quoting something that Mr. Gladstone said, or did not say, in 1870. Or they imagine that some profound conclusion can be drawn from the merely trivial circumstance that England did not love a coalition in 1783 or some other year; completely ignoring the fact that England has very little opinion one way or the other; and the politicians only

say "England" because it sounds grander than the partisan names of the small political cliques that are annoyed when Fox and North or some other insignificant persons combine to keep their opponents out of office. But all such trivialities are only the tassels on the border of history. They are not foundation, but merely rather gaudy decorations of no structural value.

History is the record of the deeds of man, and, therefore, of his mind; for it is the most worldly commonsense to believe that by their deeds we shall know them. History tells what men have done in the past, and how their deeds have resulted in such and such conclusions. Politicians and statesmen have often announced what men ought to do, and what may happen if they follow a certain line of conduct. But, better still, history tells us what *has* happened in the past. Facts are usually more convincing and more useful than any amount of theory.

The extraordinary importance of the theory of evolution is, not that it has taught us something about the origin of the human animal, but because it proves that gradual growth is a method that runs through the whole universe. Whether man started from an ancestor who was first cousin to an ape is far less important than the very convincing proof that, whatever his origin, his growth has been a very ponderous and hesitating process, and one that cannot be hastened or changed except within very narrow limits. This rule applies, apparently, throughout nature.

Thus, no sane man would for a moment imagine that a cauliflower could be changed into a horse-radish within any known time, by any known process. Neither would he hope to cause an elephant to cease having tusks and a trunk and padded feet and become, instead, a kangaroo, with a pouch and a tail that is capable of all sorts of movements that an elephant would not attempt.

If the politicians would only master this elementary rule of science, they would be saved an enormous waste of time and costly experiments which are just as ridiculous

as if they tried to change the elephant into the kangaroo. They would know that it is utterly silly (just because it is scientifically impossible) to endeavour to produce sudden changes in the social body, just as it is admittedly impossible to convert a cuttle fish into a jackdaw. There are certain things that cannot be done.

Changes can certainly be made within the proper scope. Thus, by interbreeding, it has been possible to produce many very different kinds of dogs or fowls or wheats or roses. Therefore, a politician is quite right in insisting on the possibility of change in the social conditions and even in the mind and body of the individual man or woman. If he can show a reasonable chance that this change will be for the better, then he is entitled to take every step that will accomplish that proposed reform.

But to strive to reach the impossible or the undesirable is not sane statesmanship. Think of the sheer waste of time that happened when a few sentimental (or insane or criminal) persons towards the end of the eighteenth century thought it would be both possible and desirable to change France from a monarchy that had very limited powers into a parliamentary despotism that would be supreme in the State. The change (whatever it was the revolutionists wanted) was evidently beyond the limits of natural evolution; for the result was chaos for a time; and when the people (who hoped that France had won its liberty) rubbed their eyes after the Terror and the Directory and several other phases of the Revolution, it was discovered that they had changed a monarchy (that was slowly becoming constitutional and democratic) into a military dictatorship which was perilously near a ruthless tyranny; and within a few more years, after oceans of blood, the Bourbons were back again on their old throne. Was it really worth while having a French Revolution in order to make the Italian Buonaparte emperor of France for a few years? Was anything the French got by these revolutions (and there were a few

desirable scraps perhaps) worth the millions who died in getting them?

There may have been some excuse at the time for not knowing how foolish was that attempt to make sudden changes; for there were not so many history books then as there are now. But there are still some innocent and ignorant people who continue to believe that revolution (by either Reds or Whites) is a possible method of reform. They have only to take the trouble to read history to discover how foolish they are. For example, they may learn sound political science from M. Pierre Gaxotte's recent volume on Louis XV and his pre-revolution period. They will then realize that the possible reforms were already on the way, although by the (regrettably) slow steps by which lasting organic reforms always must come. It would, for example, be very easy to tax millionaires twenty shillings in the pound to-day; but it may take many to-morrows before the new democracy discovers how to plan an industrial system that will prevent a dull State bureaucracy or some other autocracy taking the place of the defeated plutocrats. It will be seen that the French Revolution was a hindrance to reform, and made for the personal convenience of sentimentalists and criminals and adventurers (and many well-meaning persons who were merely stupid) who caused much bloodshed and disorder that would have been avoided by a rational process of historical evolution.

To turn to a present-day example. When one considers what has recently happened in Italy, the historical method of approach puts the Fascist Reforms in their proper (and very great) proportions. An examination of the history of Italy reveals that Fascism in that country is not a revolution, but a return to a national tradition. It was parliamentary government, introduced by idealists who thought that Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston were the great champions of "Liberty," that was the real revolution in Italian affairs. It was a sudden reversal of the customs of its

peoples; and it quickly became a very corrupt and inefficient instrument of government. When Signor Mussolini wanted to go back to the deep-rooted instincts of the Italians for a strong government, he dismissed the new parliamentary system as an obstacle in the way of reform.

But Italy is not England, and its traditions are different; and if one wanted to discover—and it ought to be attempted without delay—just how much the recent admirable Italian reforms can be injected into the veins of the British people, the answer will be found in the history books. There are certain races of a gipsy nature who insist on freedom to wander at will; there are others (for example, the Germans) who get into a state of joyous hysteria whenever they can submit themselves to the dominance of a master. There are some people who possess that personal dignity which likes to take a hand, however small, in the game of destiny; there are others whose brains have the simple structure which makes thought a wearisome burden; they therefore rejoice to find themselves in rows, doing goose-steps, or any other primitive exercises that can be performed in companies and battalions.

Complete liberty is anarchy, and complete subjection is slavery. One of the great lessons of history is that the fanatic or extremist is always an obstruction to progress. The healthy human society is a fine balance of forces. The races that have developed extreme class distinctions (whether between rich and poor, or plebeian and aristocrat, or learned and simple) have become lop-sided and have sooner or later capsized. On the other hand, those people who have insisted on too rigid an equality, have become mediocre and dull-grey in texture, and have rarely provided the world with great and outstanding men or thoughts.

Thus, the United States of America, in an exuberant outburst of primitive youthful energy, allowed millionaires to take precedence of the millenium, which every

American hopes for next week. If the great, rich American republic collapses as an economic unit, it will be because it forgot that one can have too much of a good thing (most deep wisdom is of the simple proverbial kind); like thoughtless children, it collected too much gold in its bank cellars and permitted too many millionaires to control it.

Excess is the gravest of faults; and excessive caution is one of its most dangerous forms. The greatest rival of the United States of America, seen down the historical vista, is probably the United Soviet Republic of Russia. They are both, paradoxical though it may seem, striving for industrial supremacy. But Russia was so eager for equality that she was afraid to let loose any scrap of that energy that made too many millionaires in America. It is quite possible that a couple of millionaires, given a free hand in Russia to-day, might make that country ferment more rapidly in industry in a year than the equalitarian committees have done in ten. Of course, a wise government would watch those two millionaires very closely and their freedom should be on the ticket-of-leave principle, with periodic reports to the police!

As a nation the English have generally escaped the worst evils of faddism and fanaticism. We never were so silly as to waste our blood and our time over a revolution as the French did; but that was because we had so much common sense and common courtesy that we had not produced either an arrogant aristocracy or a very powerful bureaucracy. We have tried a military despot once on a small scale, Oliver Cromwell by name, and we are not likely to give that sort of despotism a second chance; for no sane Englishman will again risk his skin to get another republican constitution when he reads of the stupid tyranny of the one that the Cromwellian soldiers set up in 1649. "Once bitten, twice shy" is another of those common proverbs which are far more valuable than pompous statements by professors of philosophy.

Further useful lessons may be learned from the history of seventeenth century England. When Strafford and Laud tried to revive the strong active government which had been the contribution of the Tudor statesmen, and particularly Burghley, to the national constitution, it was the opposition of the new plutocracy (not of the old democracy) that brought on the Puritan Rebellion. It was that same plutocracy, grown far wealthier in the middle of the nineteenth century, that fought against the democrats (Tory and Radical) who tried to resist the plutocratic free trade Liberalism of the Victorian period. The point of this historical lesson is that the British people, though they have an instinctive objection to political tyranny, are not necessarily opposed to a proper amount of central control whenever it is beneficial.

A progress over a long period is usually an organic movement and likely to last. The Russian Experiment was so sudden and depended so much on force and massacres by the police; and it is therefore uncertain whether it will endure; although its chances are the brighter inasmuch as the Russians have long been subjected to an absolute government. So they may obey their new rulers as slavishly as they obeyed their old ones.

The Italian experiment is on a very different foundation. The Italians, a people of ancient culture, have had a long and magnificent history of corporate municipal and industrial activities. The city assemblies and their guild councils have given them so much experience in local affairs that they have become skilled in their management. Another result followed; since the people had so much to do in municipal and industrial matters, they were content to leave political affairs to such men as the Medicis, the Sforzas, the Gonzagas and many other such political adventurers, some good, some bad. The Italians have also inherited the political craftsmanship of the Roman Empire, so the Latin mind rather likes a strong active central government. Therefore

Mussolini was not a revolutionist when he made Italy a Fascist State; he was adding another—and a very big—step to the evolutionary ladder.

That is the great value of the Italian Fascist experiment. It is another example of the wisdom of basing political action on a historical foundation, on which one can build without wasting time in destruction. One would not hesitate to destroy—as the French Revolutionists and the Russian Bolshevists destroyed—because of any reverence for a rotten political structure. There was much that was unsound in both the Bourbon and the Romanov monarchies; if one could start building a new world it would be absurd to take either line of kings as a constitutional centre for an ideal state. It is not for any sentimental reasons that a sane reformer hesitates to destroy; but for the common-sense knowledge that in destroying a foundation wholesale one has to pull down or allow to collapse, so much of the superstructure.

The French cut off the heads of their king and queen; but so inevitable were the Bourbons that they were back again in twenty-five years. The truth is that most heads are of trivial importance; it is the whole mass that has such a tremendous momentum. That is why its movements, one way or the other, backwards or forwards, or to left or right, can only be controlled in a very gradual way. Even if Communism were desirable in England, no sane Communist would offer it suddenly to proletarians who have been accustomed for hundreds of years to obey the orders of their masters. A reformer who looked even further ahead (because he had first looked further back in history) would ask himself whether a human race that had been driven on by competition and self-seeking as a motive force ever since the days when it lived in skins and hunted ice-age game with flint arrows, might not slacken in vigour if everyone in the equalitarian state got the same as everybody else, and no inducement was advanced for a greater effort than is needed at present by the normal bureaucrat,

who goes down to his office in the morning and does routine work until it is time to leave in the afternoon.

Under capitalism, competition has been driven to the last verge of insanity. But capitalism has provided the goods; and it got into its present muddle because it has succeeded too well, and flooded the markets of the world with more than can be bought by a people without work or sufficient currency. The answer may be a better distribution of wealth; but that is another issue, and the chief difficulty would still remain even if distribution worked properly. It would still be necessary to face the fundamental problem whether some kind of incitement to self-interest is not a fundamental necessity in any human society that we can see ahead. The Russians have already, it appears, reintroduced unequal pay; and their governing officers were (probably wisely) better paid from the start. The answer is to be found, if anywhere, in the historical evidence. Is there any evidence that men will do their best work without some kind of stimulus based on payment by results?

The British are unlikely to escape from their present economic muddle without a strong government which will, if necessary, compel indifferent persons or hostile groups to fit into the necessary social structure. But the really vital problem is to decide what kind of action this strong government should perform. The answer, once more, is to be found in the history books. Therein we can learn how far a government can safely go in driving (by legal compulsion) its subjects into an earthly Paradise. There have been plenty of coercive governments in the world's history, and looking back on them it is clear how unsuccessful they have been in making men happy and good.

On close analysis it will be seen that when a strong rule has been beneficial it has usually been the wisdom of some individual minds. Thus, Julius Cæsar and Augustus made a vigorous Roman Empire out of a Republic of corrupt oligarchs. But this empire fell when those

individual minds had been replaced by a vast and sluggish bureaucracy, that crumpled up before the rush of "free" barbarians. Until recently it might have been believed that a despotic state would be good when it was no longer an empire or oligarchy, but the organ of a democratic people. However, to-day, the Communist State has arrived. Is there any thoughtful being who is completely confident that the Russian dictatorship is on the way to make its citizens happy and prosperous? Under that rigid despotism will they have minds capable of exercising the rights and duties that belong to human dignity? Again, will the National Socialism of Germany make it possible for its people to remain human at all?

In brief, the great problem of the future is to discover how the human individual can be best nourished in a world that has perhaps too hastily committed itself to the orders of civil servants and policemen. It may well be that the function of government is to guide as far as it can; and only order in moments of urgency. Whether the chief end of rulers should be to command or to suggest is a question which an intelligent democracy will consider very carefully before it chooses its next masters. For there cannot be any government without masters.

The French Revolution did not bring freedom. Will the Russian Revolution end in a democratic triumph or a bureaucratic failure? How often in history have government offices done the right thing? Half history is the story of the folly of the ruling classes. Is there any hope that the state bureaucrats will be a new order of mankind?

Lope de Vega, 1562-1635

By William C. Atkinson

WHEN Lope de Vega died on August 27th, 1635, Madrid and Spain mourned a national calamity. In his exequies many of the noblest in Church and State took part. A "Fama Póstuma" contained tributes in verse from no fewer than one hundred and fifty-three authors; in Venice appeared a collection of one hundred and four more from Italian admirers. For the most prolific dramatist in history had passed away. One may deduct as handsomely as one pleases from the traditional total of two thousand two hundred compositions for the stage: the title will remain, and excludes enough non-dramatic prose and verse for several reputations. Many came from foreign countries, we are told, merely to convince themselves that the poet was a being of flesh and blood. Cervantes, fifteen years his senior, and a disappointed dramatist, had long since given him the name that everyone knows, "el monstruo de naturaleza," nature's prodigy, "who seized the comic monarchy, reduced all actors to vassalage, and filled the world with plays all of which—and praise can scarce go further—he has seen or known to have been acted." Lope the phenomenon could hardly fail to impress.

But more than a prodigy of productivity had died. Lope's seventy-two years had spanned the spacious days of Spain's apogee, the Counter-Reform, Lepanto, the absorption of Portugal, and reached on to witness the tide begin to recede, with the Armada, the expulsion of the *moriscos*, and defeat in the Low Countries. To all of this he had responded with the sensitiveness of one who lived feverishly the passing moment. He knew prison, exile, favour in high places, a nation's hero-worship. He served with the Armada and became a familiar of the Inquisition. In a very special sense he is one of Spain's representative men, and with him there passed away the epitome of an age.

Cervantes lives secure in one work, transcending Spain and the seventeenth century. Lope is only to be apprehended in infinite dilution, and the fact both conditions and weighs heavily on his fame. Of the four hundred and fifty odd plays that remain the stoutest heart has read but a fraction, yet even a few make clear how dispersive is his genius. If none is wholly bad none is wholly good. There are no undoubted masterpieces relegating the mighty mass to oblivion, so that one cannot, as with Tirso, Alarcón or Calderón, judge him in the light of a chosen half-dozen. The one play, indeed, that tradition has handed down as his *chef d'œuvre*, alike in dramatic tension and in formal polish—*La Estrella de Sevilla*—is now denied him. More important is the consideration that such facility in composition—during sixty years an average of thirty-seven plays a year, in the last three years, a septuagenarian, two a week—precludes in the same measure as it postulates. There is in Tirso a striking preoccupation with religious problems, in Alarcón a serious intent of social comedy, in Calderón a profound if dogmatic philosophy. Lope cared for none of these things, nor could he. At Alcalá he had learnt much Latin and some scholastic philosophy. Both turned easily to pedantry, neither gave him the cast of a reasoned thinker, and doubtless his life was too full for thought.

The division of his plays shows his bent and the sweep of his gifts. Their themes are grouped as religious, mythological, classical, national, pastoral, chivalrous, fantastic, and of contemporary manners—a vast emporium, lacking nothing of all that floated in the literary consciousness of the age. The whole, for the ordinary reader and for practical purposes, comes down to the play historical or heroic, and the comedy of manners, both on native themes. Into one or other of these categories fall all the plays by which he is remembered. As for religion, mythology or classical history, "plus ça changeait, plus c'était la même chose." The scene might be Palestine, Russia or Ireland, the period ancient or

modern, we know that we are dealing all the time with the Spain and the Spaniards of an age.

The discovery of the dramatic interest latent in the nation's story was the most decisive single factor in the formation of the *comedia*. Juan de la Cueva, the discoverer, was a hardened classicist before his visit to Mexico, 1574–77, and it is legitimate to see in this direct contact with the greatness of Spain in the New World the source of the pride that led him on his return to carry three traditional themes from Spanish history on to the boards. For the ransacking of history for the stage was effect, not cause. When Spain was at its mightiest, its enterprises covering the known world, and one's every neighbour was a potential hero, losing an arm at Lepanto, carrying the faith to Japan, or winning a fortune in Peru, the taste for the heroic found a natural crystallization in these vivid presentments of earlier stalwarts who were made to embody all the national virtues, mío Cid, the Infantes de Lara, Pedro I, to the nobles "el cruel," to the people "el justiciero." The intense patriotism that permeates the *comedia* is no empty jingoism. Unswerving loyalty to the king and an intense belief in the inalienable rights of the commoner, are the twin axes on which the heroic play revolves, and the one is as keenly felt as the other.

Lope's themes in the kind are drawn alike from chronicle and legend, and range in a mighty sweep from the last of the Goths to contemporary events under Philip IV. The gist of many of them may be seized in the following incident from the "Cronicon Mundi" (1236) of Lucas de Tuy, Spain's first official chronicler. It tells how the Emperor Alfonso VII dealt with the contumacy of the haughty. A peasant in Galicia, whose land had been unjustly seized by a noble, went to Toledo, and lodged complaint with the Emperor. The Emperor straightway sent letters by the peasant to the nobleman commanding immediate redress, and charged his lieutenant in the province to report how justice had been done. Angry

threat of death was the noble's only reply to the peasant, who repaired again to Toledo. The Emperor called his secretaries, bade them announce that he was ill and not to be seen by anyone, and with two of his knights set out secretly on horseback for Galicia, resting neither by day nor by night till he was come, first to his lieutenant for confirmation, then to where the noble dwelt. To him he sent his summons: "Come forth, for the Emperor awaits you." The noble, filled with foreboding, would have fled, but those of the Emperor seized him, and at the royal command he was hanged forthwith on his own threshold.

Such is the story in essence of *El Mejor Alcalde el Rey* ("No justice like the King"). In *Peribáñez o el Comendador de Ocaña* the peasant himself executes justice on the noble and then gives himself up to the king, asking that his wife receive the price offered for his head. Instead the king approves the deed and showers honour on him. *Fuente Ovejuna* is a striking experiment in mass psychology that, translated into Russian, is said to have produced frenzied enthusiasm among the oppressed masses of the old régime. It has been revived with success in Madrid as part of the tercentenary celebrations, and shows that not everything in Lope wears ill. Here the whole village accepts responsibility and no amount of torture will elicit any other reply.

¿Quién mató al Comendador?
– Fuente Ovejuna, señor.
– ¿Y quién es Fuente Ovejuna?
– Todos a una.

("Who slew the Commander? Fuente Ovejuna, sir. And who is Fuente Ovejuna? All of us together.") The king arrives, approves, and pardons. The theme is here taken from fact, having occurred in 1476 when under Enrique IV licence and anarchy among the nobles reached to new extremes.

But whether the incident be historical, legendary, or imagined, it is a poetic, not a historic, truth that Lope enshrines. His genius is rather epical than historical.

With surprising intuition he can recapture, not the facts, but the spirit of the past, and that not by the hackneyed resources of the local colourist, pseudo-archaic language, trivialities of dress and manner laboriously exhumed from dusty archives, but by an intense susceptibility to the glory and the grandeur that was Spain and to the qualities that made its people great. With a fairly accurate conception of the social relations of feudal times, and a broad idea that what distinguished the individual Spaniard of a less advanced state of civilization would be chiefly his more impetuous reaction to primary passions; with this as a groundwork it only remained for Lope to fill in scenes of humble life on the land, which change little and which he knew intimately, to present a play that rang true to experience. Where the motive behind the action had grown outworn with time his solution was as simple as it was effective. The peasant could suffer many wrongs at the hand of his feudal lord, wrongs that were foreign to a seventeenth-century audience. One remained unchanging, always dramatic and always modern: interference between a man and the woman he loved. Lope knew it in his own life, and by making this the spring of action in his heroic plays he bridged the one gap separating theme and audience.

The beginnings of the comedy of manners, or cloak and sword play, go back to *c.* 1517, to the *Comedia Himenea* of Torres Naharro. Here, too, Lope neither invented nor created isolated masterpieces. His achievement was to produce out of an inexhaustible imagination sparkling comedy after sparkling comedy until, the taste become a necessity, every dramatist had to fall into line and its composition was consecrated in a formula. Again the most comprehensive idea of the type may perhaps be had outside Lope. In *El Pasagero* of the die-hard Suárez de Figueroa (1617) don Luis, defending the artless *comedia* against its erudite detractors, tells in a nutshell how the trick is done:

> I shall bring on to the boards a lady and a gallant, he with his

valet, to serve also as *gracioso*, she with her maid, who will do to fall in love with the valet. There cannot fail me a friend of the lover, who will have a sister as a motive for jealousy when disputes arise. I shall have a soldier come from Italy and lose his heart to the leading lady, who, to have a jest at the expense of her gallant, will favour the new arrival in public. The gallant, seeing this, will spit forth bravados in jealousy. There will be complaints to his friend, who will be on the point of losing his senses; and indeed, perhaps, I shall finish him off properly, so that he makes amorous remarks on his own account, whence it will be impossible that a duel should not ensue. But, as they draw their swords, those around will reconcile them again, warned by the lackey, who will outdo himself in demonstrations of sham bravery. The father of the gallant will now exert himself to win his son away from his affection, for his beloved, although of excellent family, is to be very poor. To this end the father will try to marry him to the friend's sister, and will arrange the betrothal without informing either of those interested beyond letting drop some vague hints to set them wondering what is on foot. In the midst of so many cross-purposes the lovers will at last shed their masks, and the favour shown to the stranger will be seen to have been feigned. So, when the fathers believe the match they have planned as good as effected, the lovers, having sunk their differences, will appear one fine morning already wed. The father will tear his hair in anger, but will yield at length to the intercession of the bystanders. And now it will be fitting to console those who have taken part, in this wise: The soldier will turn out to be the long-lost brother of the bridegroom, having gone off to the wars in early youth. There will be great rejoicings, and he will be joined in wedlock with the friend's sister. It would be cruelty that the brothers, in the fulness of their good fortune, should lack a sister with whom to pair off the friend. As for the *gracioso* and the maid, their marriage has already looked after itself. And so here the comedy ends.

Here then are the ingredients, a number of young people who have suddenly awakened to the adventure of love; and here is the theme: the course of true love must not run smooth until the end of the third act, when the imminence of the final curtain can be trusted to oil the wheels with marvellous efficiency. Given this, introduce all the complications you can, throw verisimilitude to the winds, and make chance the chief character. It is all convention, of course, but just as Lope's heroic plays

belong in the main to a feudal and rural society, so his cloak and sword comedies are eminently of the town, and urban society rests largely on convention in any age. There is moreover in Lope such infinite ingenuity and inventiveness, such tripping poetic diction in accord with the tripping involutions of the hearts concerned, and such an infectious zest for existence, that the kind never becomes the mere mechanic exercise of later manupulators.

France, it need scarcely be said, was scathing. In 1659 a French diplomatist met Calderón in Madrid, "le plus grand Poète et le plus bel esprit qu'ils ayent présentement . . . mais à sa conversation je vis bien qu'il ne sçavoit pas grand' chose, quoy qu'il soit déjà tout blanc. Nous disputasmes un peu sur les règles de la Dramatique, qu'ils ne connoissent pas en ce pays-là, et dont ils se moquent." To find that the fate of a play depended, not on the élite of good taste, but on the *mosqueteros*, the riff-raff who stood at the back of the pit, was a further shock for the Frenchman. As to the former charge, Lope in 1609 read before an academy in Madrid a treatise, *The New Art of Writing Plays at the Present Time*, to prove that he did know the rules, but further that he had no use for them. The only unity he will admit is that of action, so obviously fundamental that only the French could have thought it necessary to erect it solemnly into a canon. This is common sense, not Aristotle. "For Aristotle we have long since lost all respect." As to the latter, it is on record that Lope used to mingle with the *mosqueteros* during the performance of his own plays, noting sedulously for future guidance what was applauded and what hissed. Two lines in the *New Art* are become proverbial:

> porque, como las paga el vulgo, es justo
> hablarle en necio para darle gusto.

(For since the man in the street pays for them, it is only fair to address him on his own level, to give him pleasure.)

The *comedia* is first and always a mixed kind. Its model and its authority are life, where comic and tragic, lofty and plebeian are inextricably intertwined. In life a development may spread over countries, even continents, and need years for its working-out. The audience, too, insisted on an ample canvas: "for once a Spaniard takes his seat, his anger will not be appeased if he be not shown, within two hours, from Genesis to the Last Judgment." So Lope's plays range light-heartedly from Heaven to hell, personify nations and continents, span centuries and jumble all together in a setting as spacious as life itself.

To purists in the art, then, the Spanish *comedia* is as monstrous as Lope is a "monstruo." But one title no purist can deny it. It is national. France and England may dispute third place among countries possessing a national drama. Spain's claim to the second stands as unshakable as that of Greece to the first. It is of, for and by the people, and Lope is people through and through. His apotheosis in life was a recognition of the fact. One great concern, that of pleasing his audience, dominates his attitude to the theatre. "If any think that I write my plays for fame, undeceive them and tell them that I write them for money," is a phrase from a letter of 1604. This is honest realism, not gross mercenariness. And if Lope made more money than any other dramatist had ever dreamt of, he did so because he pleased more. He gave his audience—all Spain—what it sought, and what the proud egocentricity of the Golden Age Spaniard sought was a projection of itself on the boards. What documentary value the *comedia* possesses is, then, to be found here, not in the trappings and externals, enabling us to say that under Philip II or III or IV the Spaniard dressed thus, played thus, lived thus, but in the reflection of his ideas and ideals, both for himself and for his country, in the fact that Lope knew Spain, less by study than by instinct and keen response, as no one had ever known it, and is the mighty

but infinitely sensitive sounding-board of its softest whisper.

The cloak and sword play, limited to one class and virtually to one theme, can give no picture of the real structure of seventeenth-century Spain; else the conclusion must be that here was a society in which mothers were unknown, that did no work, and balanced a sense of honour that a breath could tarnish with a sense of dignity that was not above concealment in cupboards. But it does throw light on a number of facets, among them the basic of all human relationships, that of man to woman. Chivalry and courtesy to the Spaniard have never been abstractions. The semi-Moorish seclusion of women placed them in a special dependence on men, and heightened in its turn the Renaissance ideal of the perfect cavalier. Lope, a friend tells us, would never suffer any to speak deprecatingly of women. Yet they sit on no pedestal, and he could as easily have stopped writing plays as pursuing them. Into his private life, that reads to-day like a public scandal, Cervantes' remark on the "virtuous occupation" of a certain priest, familiar of the Inquisition, bites deep. Yet Cervantes was in no position to point a finger. What counts is that the relationships of men and women, and the discussion of them, are open and above-board. There are here no inhibitions, no exploiting the theme as sensational, no repressing it as improper. Love and woman are less bookish, more natural in the *comedia* than anywhere else in Renaissance drama, a corollary of the fact that the Renaissance is less bookish in Spain than anywhere else.

The obligatory imitation below stairs of the pursuits and vicissitudes taking place above can appear to-day the crudest of conventions. But like the extreme confidence and familiarity between master and servant, there is more to it than this. Lope's concern for the "vulgo," the *demos*, carries no implication of disrespect towards the upper classes: it gives the measure of a democracy, then peculiarly Spanish, that ranks native qualities of charac-

ter above the accident of birth or education and holds a man to be, as Cervantes has it, " the son of his works." Nothing that happens on one level is deemed impossible, or lacks interest, to another. The peasant has the same sense of honour as the noble, the commoner may instruct the king in his duty, and master turns to servant less to carry out his bidding than to seek counsel, even in affairs of the heart. This sense of the cohesion permeating Spanish society gave Spain a unique distinction in Renaissance Europe and justified the fusion of Church and State and all its implications, even the Inquisition. At a time when social and religious strife was devastating France, Germany, the Low Countries and England, Spain knew and wielded the strength of unity. That unity, resting on a give and take of personal dignity, it was that enabled her to take in her stride the obligations of the Holy Roman Empire and of a vast new world beyond the sea. It is the keynote even more of the heroic plays, underlying whatever other national traits we may read into them.

This " honour " business, that hardens into an inflexible and repugnant code in Calderón, is a main obstacle to foreign appreciation of the *comedia*. The measure of its hardening is the measure of Spain's withdrawal from the spontaneous rationalism of the Renaissance to the dogmatic temper forced on her in the seventeenth century by her chosen rôle of champion of the faith in a miscreant world. In it may also be seen a measure of the disillusionment, intensified from reign to reign, that is the intimate tragedy of seventeenth-century Spain. That the greatness of empire should suffer reverse was sadness enough. That her gods should be shown to have feet of clay went home even more deeply, and few dynasties have let their country down as did the later Hapsburgs. The Armada had shown Spain to be only too vincible, and as the new century wended its course, with the Low Countries in victorious revolt, the dissoluteness of kings and governments become a byword

and the defence of Catholicism little more than a mask, reflective Spaniards awoke to see their country engaged in a mighty attempt to save face. Such is the atmosphere in which an ideal degenerates into a convention, and a convention into a dogma.

But to Lope's generation Spain was still great and her outlook on life still cheerful. " Honour," observes the protagonist in the *Dorotea*, Lope's partly autobiographical prose drama, " men make honour of what they like." And the peculiarly Spanish variety of the conception, by which " honor " and " opinión " are to become synonymous and a woman's—never a man's—good name hangs on the slender thread of public repute, if tarnished inferring an offence that may only be washed out in blood, this in Lope is still a fount of comedy, not of tragedy. His heroines are maidens where Calderón's are wives. The former may marry their gallants where the latter must be put to death with them, whatever their innocence. A gay insouciance presides over all the Lope plays of contemporary manners, the ladies and their suitors breathe a joy in the fulness of life that brushes aside its deeper implications. In the Spanish character there stands out clear a vein of fatalism, that is more than Arabic since it goes back to Seneca. But no less well-attested is the preference for action over reflexion that dominates politics as well as literature in the Golden Age. Spain's wars and enterprises never followed on a serious counting of the cost. An objective, generally quixotic, and for the rest a ceaseless lust after action—that was sufficient to carry Spaniards to England, to the Morea, to the New World; and as much sufficed to carry the *comedia* on the shoulders of popular appreciation.

Action, then, and more action, no matter what the complications that face the dénouement, such is Lope's norm for the Spanish drama and Spain's contribution to that of Europe. The elaboration of character by means of emotional crises is Shakespeare's hallmark; the spinning of an intrigue by means of lightning movement is

Lope's. Popular approval lay with the Spaniard, and when the Elizabethans wished to entertain, their inventiveness was watered at Spanish sources :

> To-day we're Spaniards all again. –
> Nor, ladies, be not angry if you see
> A young, fresh beauty, wanton and too free,
> Seek to abuse her husband : still 'tis Spain –
> No such gross errors in *your* kingdom reign.
> Fletcher, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.*

Long afterwards Charles II, inducing Tuke to adapt from the Spanish his *Adventures of Five Hours*, shows the tradition surviving the mere craze for things Spanish that is so marked in Shakespeare's age. The play broke records; it ran for thirteen nights. Pepys pronounced it the best play that ever he read in his life : " It makes *Othello* seem a mean thing."

But so much adventure in so little time, as Pepys cannot have failed to see, is only achieved at the expense of much else, and the Spanish *comedia* stands arraigned by history for its weakness in the portrayal of character, the touchstone to the modern critic of dramatic genius. That indictment even a Lope tercentenary is scarce likely to upset, but the point may be made that to damn thus off-handedly involves a certain confusion of thought. Creation in art is something more than a mere holding the mirror up to nature. Human nature is not all interesting, nor all significant. The individual is interesting certainly to himself, possibly to his fellows, very dubiously to posterity. How many of the objects of national mourning that fill the obituary columns will merit a thought a century hence? To live in literature a character must be at once more than a copy from life, and less : more, because there must be selection, concentration, synthesis, an element whether of parody or exaltation that leads inevitably to the symbolic; less, because he must shed those trappings that to his fellows were the essence of his reality. They knew him for his local habitation and his name; we know him for the inner workings of his mind.

Don Quixote, Sancho, Segismundo do not interest us because they represent seventeenth-century Spain—they do not—but because they were preoccupied with matters that still preoccupy us. Almost any figure on Lope's stage, on the other hand, could have given his name and address as a loyal subject of His Most Catholic Majesty; and not least those who figure in his Biblical, oriental or classical settings. And there, for his fame, lies the rub. Lope observed too well, was too faithful to nature and to the immediate interests of his age. His characters have not moved with the times, and to appreciate them now requires an effort of readjustment that few save the student are willing to make.

There is one final comment to be made concerning the *comedia*. It has inevitably come in for comparison with the French "classical" theatre, and this bugbear of classicism tends to obscure the issue. For in the sense in which the French theatre is classical, i.e. in virtue of its adherence to the norms of the Greek theatre, the Greek theatre itself is not. It was not based on conformity to the norms or authority of any previous drama, but was a spontaneous growth, arising out of the nation's life and true to the same, in the identical way in which the Spanish *comedia* grew out of and remained faithful to Spanish national life. There can be no virtue in adopting alien standards except in so far as these are universally sound and applicable. There is virtue, though less perhaps for posterity than for contemporaries, in the attempt to forge out new standards for oneself; and in the same degree that the Spanish *comedia* means less to-day to mankind at large than the French classical theatre, it meant more to the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Spaniard than did Corneille and Racine to their contemporaries. No one can be all things to all men, and he who knows the zest of a life lived strenuously in the present will not grumble at the penalty.

The Randlords: A Chapter in Empire Development

By Paul H. Emden

IN the normal course of events it is the inventor, the technician, who calls a new industry into being, and in order to develop it he looks around for a backer. The initiative, however, may also come from the adventurous business man, who, endowed with speculative daring, himself takes the matter in hand. His lack of expert knowledge is supplemented by the trained technician, the engineer, but because the latter has been called in by the financier and is in his service, he must needs play a subordinate part. Thus it was in Kimberley and later on the Rand; almost without exception the first to dig for diamonds and to produce gold on a commercial basis began as speculators, and speculators they remained.

A vast difference exists between speculation and gambling: gambling is nothing beyond making guesses, but speculation is often constructive and there can be no doubt that the Rand capitalists were possessed of a great share of constructive foresight. There was no doubt as to there being gold on the Rand; since Struben struck the reef it had been found in many different spots, but the formation was outside any experience: it did not fit into any scientific formula, for never yet had gold been found on the top of mountain ranges. The most sceptical of all were the experts: "It is against nature," one of them said, and the very important question of whether there would be any gold left after the surface had been scraped clean remained unanswered; only in that event would the enormous sums which had to be invested yield any return. One thing only clearly emerged from the welter of uncertainties: in order to *make* money in the new fields it would be necessary to *have* money, to risk huge sums from the very start so

as to be in a position to prospect on an extensive scale. The Rand was no field for the individual digger.

If the men engaged in the enterprise did not know anything, could not know anything, yet they had ideas and imagination. There was a vast project, there was the hope of enormous gain—hesitation and deliberation would only have been a clog and the speculating financiers, burdened with no business traditions, seized the great opportunity by the forelock. But, fortunately for the pioneers, their imagination had not seduced them into trusting to a *fata morgana*, and as the stream of gold did not dry up, the speculating financiers became prominent "industrialists." Every speculation, in so far as it is successful, is the happy attempt to discount in the present the possibilities of the future; if it failed, it was a criminal adventure.

There is no doubt that much blame and many reproaches can be cast on the new Randites who fought with shares and for shares, who struggled and intrigued and lied, and won and lost; who played a great game for great stakes—and if it had to be, beyond the narrow limits of middle-class virtues; "hit him first" was for long the leitmotiv of South African business methods. There developed in Johannesburg "something of the dynamic quality of union between Petticoat Lane and the Potteries," of Randites and Randlords, and surely it would have been unjustifiable to expect the young community, which consisted of men from every quarter of the globe, to show the same morality in business which is looked upon as a matter of course in Lombard Street; but the traditional business methods of the City would not have led to even the slightest success.

The gold from the Rand changed the face of England, and first and foremost the views and prejudices of Society. A new type arose from South Africa—the speculating captain of industry, the "Rand Millionaire," the "Park Lane Millionaire," men who grew powerful on the Stock Exchange, in finance, and eventually in politics. These

new rich, the source of a great part of the wealth of London, stepped into the foreground, not only because they aimed to be in the limelight, but because they had become important. The Edwardian Age had become an accomplished fact as early as the first nineties, ten years before Queen Victoria's death, when in the clubs of Piccadilly and round St. James's Square members no longer waited till one of their set, returning from the City, told them of the day's happenings, but they had, on the appearance of the evening papers, themselves read with understanding eyes how things looked on the Stock Exchange. Not only had the Stock Exchange found its way to Park Lane, but Mayfair had turned towards the City, and the Edwardian régime was in full swing when the first peer's son, pacemaker for the many who came after him, went to a stockbroker as half-commission man.

When the first stone—christened "Star of South Africa"—was found (1869) in the future Kimberley, Sir Richard Southey, the then Colonial Secretary, laid it on the table of the Cape Assembly with the prophetic words: "Gentlemen, this is the rock on which the future success of South Africa will be built." When he said this, Southey did not guess the extent to which his prophecy would ultimately prove true.

From the moment when Rhodes stood behind the diamonds they were not to remain purely merchandise, not to be exploited as an instrument of capitalism pure and simple—Rhodes polished the diamonds into an imperialistic weapon. "Big ideas must have big money behind them," was one of his maxims, and building railways and telegraphs through the wilderness, and waging war with the natives, would cost enormous sums. Just as a creative artist can find no rest until he had given his inward thought an outward shape, so a business man of genius—and Rhodes was the arch-merchant perhaps even more than the arch-imperialist—cannot leave any medium within his range untried until he has

turned his ideas into practice, has transformed them into an undertaking which will yield results. Thus diamonds were for Rhodes only means to his ends. When the industry was amalgamated and his De Beers Company definitely built up he could be gratified with the trust-deed of his new venture, which empowered him and put at his disposal the means " to acquire any tract or tracts of country in Africa or elsewhere " and " to treat with Rulers or Governments of any country for the acquisition by the company of benefits or valuable rights," and at the general meeting Rhodes could speak the proud words: " The value of this property will be almost equal to the whole value of the Cape Colony. We have got an industry which is almost like a government within a government."

The established and prosperous diamond industry did not rest content with its first success—the Rand in its early days was financed entirely from Kimberley; it was Kimberley that made Johannesburg. The men who had won their spurs and gained their experience in digging for diamonds—Rhodes, Beit, Wernher, Barnato, Marks, the Albus, Neumann—were more than any other class ready to risk large sums in new ventures, as they were staking fortunes which had been amassed very rapidly and at equally big risks only a short time previously—and also against the advice of the experts. " Well, there may be diamonds here, but all I can say is they have no right to be," was the verdict of a theorist of the early days; and the same lack of consideration for theories was shown in regard to gold on the Rand. If the pioneers had taken heed of what the experts said, there would never have been a Kimberley and thus, very fortunately for them, they preferred in the Transvaal also to neglect dull theory and stretched out venturesome hands to the golden tree of life.

If history is a pageant, not a philosophy, if ever that view was justified, it was in regard to the history of South Africa during the last sixty years. The day when the first diamond was found and the day fifteen years

later, when the first gold was extracted from the Rand and the Transvaal had changed from a backward, arid, unattractive country to a land of opportunity and fame, saw the dawn of a wonderful era, full of drama and incident. Thus it happened that after Kimberley, Johannesburg became the happy or unhappy hunting ground of venturesome men, and they found chances in life which more settled countries would have denied them.

Of all the financiers, all the Randlords, four men stood out clearly, far in advance of the others. First, Cecil Rhodes, the idealist, the realist, the statesman and the leader—a class by himself; next come Alfred Beit, (Sir) Julius Wernher (Bart.), and Barney Barnato.

Rhodes, in spite of his genius in grasping a business, did not understand much of the technique of business. He could think in millions, but yet with all his power he often was unable to procure them and still more often was unable to make the best of them. But he had the knowledge of human nature and the ability to find a friend who was to prove a genius in the realm of finance and who grew to be a star of the first magnitude on the European firmament, and with that friend he entered into a partnership which was never clearly defined and ever remained unwritten. To Rhodes's occasionally too far-reaching schemes Beit gave practical shape, commercial basis—made Rhodes's ideas marketable for the Stock Exchange. De Beers and the Chartered Company are the two great lasting milestones of this mutually complimentary collaboration. Posterity, however, has passed this fact over; Beit's share has been allowed to fall somewhat into oblivion and he does not take the place in history which is his due; from the blinding light which Rhodes shed on all around him some, "reflected glory and immortality" fell on Beit, too, but he was himself so strong and so influential a personality that he is entitled to a pedestal of his own. Together with Rhodes and Barnato he was the founder of the diamond industry in Kimberley—with Rhodes and Dr. Jameson he built

up the Chartered Company—the opening of the Rand was the work of his firm. He thus assisted in the erection of three pillars of the Empire.

Yet Beit, the idealist and optimist (no optimist is entirely without idealism) was a speculator, too, and often stood in great need of a guiding and restraining hand. In Beit's career his partner, Wernher—cautious, calm personified, statesman in business—took almost the same part of the faithful counsellor which Beit had assumed in Rhodes's life. The mining industry on the Rand looked upon Beit as its great and influential head, for it could in this connection find use only for a creative speculator. The firm, however—Wernher Beit & Co.—which made the Rand, which enjoyed international confidence to such an extent that at times it had under its control interests which it would not have been excessive to value at one hundred and fifty million pounds—the firm was Wernher, and he was fully conscious of this, though it occasionally amused him to relate that the man in the street hardly knew of his existence—" they think I am only Beit's Christian name." Only a very strong man who is fully aware of his strength could, when his partner Fitzpatrick asked him whether, as Lord Milner's confidential adviser, he might continue to act in the interests of the Johannesburg firm, give the answer: " You know that we are so big in this country that what is good for the country is good for us."

Barney Barnato, the author of many apt sayings (" no man came to the Transvaal to vote, but in order to dig for gold "), once made this amazing statement: " Rhodes looks down on me because I have no education —never been to college like him. If I had received the education of Cecil Rhodes there would not have been Cecil Rhodes." Barnato said much that was unconsidered and will not bear serious criticism, but this estimate of himself was deliberate and by no means a vain boast, as he ever fully recognized the limitations of his qualities. Rhodes, during the years of his financial

ascendancy, ever had only one outstanding opponent, and that that opponent should, in spite of his vast ability, have had absolutely no education and been utterly inconsistent—this was one of the many great prizes which Rhodes drew. Barnato, an astounding mixture of great virtues and very great faults, never became steadied into mediocrity; his complete lack of restraint never enabled him to find a middle line. At no time, however, was he, in fact, the footling idiot and unscrupulous manipulator (and worse) he was so often represented to be. The description "tragic" is facile and often misused; but Barney Barnato, whose memory still evokes a constant smile, had in his life—not in his death, which was perhaps nothing more than a technical error—something really tragic. In spite of his great weaknesses, Barnato's financial gifts were so outstanding that in the mining industry, and still more on the Stock Exchange, he was, despite his "bubble reputation," a factor which could not be neglected, and such a power that his assistance had to be called in when a market had to be made in a new issue. In his amazing *naïveté* he admitted himself that he "had made more money by aiding and frustrating the plans of others, operations in which he never appeared at all, than by long years of unremitting attention to his own projects." Quite apart from the fact that a really great business man has no wish to earn money "by frustrating the plans of others"—he certainly would not talk about it.

After the Jameson Raid, the arrest of the reformers and the judgment which sentenced Lionel Phillips, George Farrar, Hays Hammond, and Frank Rhodes to death, and condemned the rest of the reformers to imprisonment, Barnato, one of the few who were not in the least compromised, intervened in the most energetic manner, in a language that Kruger understood; even his opponents had to admit that as a man, a patriot and a business man he had acquitted himself brilliantly. And now at last he had achieved the great desire of his life—

he had won a reputation and had become a great man. But already his day was driving towards evening. . . .

Meanwhile, forty years have elapsed since Johannesburg's heydays, since the days of the Great Boom; many changes have taken place, but the Rand itself has become even more famous than before and has carried on its victorious march to the present day; an output of the value of £10,096 in 1884 has grown to be £41,880,000 in 1934—the ventures looked upon with disfavour and mistrust in the early days have become a National Industry.

The development of the diamond fields and of the Rand, the scene of so much excitement, success and disappointment, has shown the important feature that never in the history of this country has there been a lack of men who rose to the height of the opportunities offered them. Happily there still survives the spirit of the gentlemen adventurers who have contributed so much to the creation and erection of this Empire—only its outward manifestations have undergone a change in the course of the centuries, they have adapted themselves to other demands and have become more modern—for other methods were needed to incorporate the Transvaal into the Empire than could be used in a Province of Further India. The great objects of the Empire were served by all these adventurers alike, whether they went out to conquests in India, or dug for diamonds and gold on the other side of the Vaal River.

In the past South Africa has known how to attract men of this type and to assimilate them—in the future it will breed them itself.

Abyssinia from Within

By Major E. W. Polson Newman

IN recent months there has probably been more nonsense spoken and written about Abyssinia than any other country in the world, which has scarcely facilitated the solution of the Italo-Abyssinia question. Indeed, is so much the case that the visitor from England, primed up with all he has heard in London, finds it difficult to realise that he has not come to the wrong place. At the same time it must be admitted that very few Europeans know anything about Abyssinia and, astonishing to relate, the Abyssinians themselves know comparatively little of what goes on in their own country. In these circumstances it is not surprising that London is in the dark when Addis Ababa is only in the twilight. It would therefore be presumption on my part, apart from being exceedingly foolish, to attempt to give an accurate account of this country. Impressions, however, are of value in providing guides to some of the difficulties of the Italo-Abyssinian dispute.

Abyssinia is a country of violent contrasts, great surprises and rude shocks, tempered by the courtesy and good humour of the people. As the railway from Djibouti climbs round the mountain sides and over the plateaus, separating the parched and forbidding deserts of the low-lying country from the cool fresh climate of the capital, the Abyssinian problem gradually unfolds itself. In this country civilisation and altitude seem to bear a definite relationship to one another. While zero may be found in the frontier districts of Somaliland and Eritrea, the highest point is reached at Addis Ababa at an altitude of over 8,000 feet above sea level. With cultivable soil, some of great fertility, situated at heights varying from 9,000 feet to sea level, there is scope for agriculture of great variety. Moreover, the country is well watered with a season of heavy rains, which are now drenching the land with daily downpours. There are few cereals, vegetables or fruits, or even flowers, which cannot be grown in the

country, while the soil is one of the richest in the world. Almost every grain does well, with two to three crops a year, and cattle and other stocks can be raised under the most favourable conditions. Yet the methods of farming have not changed since the very earliest times, and practically nothing is being done to exploit the valuable resources of the country.

The Emperor tells me that progress is being retarded by the Italo-Abyssinian dispute. Be that as it may, the chief reason for stagnation is the feudal system by which money is extorted from the peasants by Provincial Governors, government officials and soldiers, and domestic slavery which forms an integral part of the national system. Although slave trading is forbidden by law, I have good reason to believe that in Addis Ababa I could obtain a slave within an hour for 100 Maria Theresa dollars (about £7 10s.); and it is estimated that at least 1,000 slaves pass through Abyssinia every year, and cross the Red Sea on their way to Arabia. But much more unfortunate than the domestic slaves are the *gabars*, or serfs, who though nominally free have to submit to the most deplorable conditions. This is particularly so in the case of some of the Galla and other conquered tribes whose territories are governed and policed by Abyssinian officials and soldiers. These unfortunate people live on their own land, but are allotted to their overlords in numbers varying from two to a hundred according to the importance of the individual potentate. They then have to supply their master's requirements in food, labour, etc., to the utmost limit of their resources, with the result that after years of extortion the cultivators of the soil have no reason to grow more than they need to meet their daily requirements. Hence a large proportion of the country's produce that reaches foreign markets is simply what is left over from the daily lives of the people. When sheep are killed for food, the skins are kept till there are sufficient to send to the local market, and the same principle applies to other products. As the country is self-supporting as

far as the Abyssinians are concerned, there is no desire for any form of improvement; and, although the Emperor has for several years worked hard to introduce modern conditions, the only visible results seem to be in Addis Ababa where European civilisation is blended with African barbarism.

Practically everything modern and up-to-date in the capital dates from the coronation of the Emperor in 1930. Before that date there were no ministries, no roads fit for any traffic other than horses and mules, and no other means of locomotion. Even now the Foreign Ministry is housed in a delapidated building, which would not be considered fit for habitation in any civilized country. During the rains a heavy douche of water from the decrepit roof usually greets the arriving visitor. There are still practically no government records, and no registration of births, marriages and deaths. While a few of the streets are now macadamised for motor traffic, the vast majority are a mass of boulders and jagged rocks. The streets seem to have no names, and the houses no numbers; yet limousines glide along some throughfares and crash through others in the hope of reaching some uncharted destination. And all day long there is a moving mass of humanity, mules and donkeys in a rocky sea of mud and water. Abyssinian notables mounted on mules pass along accompanied by their slaves and retainers, debtors go about chained to their creditors till the debt is discharged, and Europeans of almost every nation try to apply modern commercial methods to a system of the Middle Ages. But unique is the mountain setting of the Ethiopian capital with its beautifully wooded " Legation Quarter."

Bearing in mind that the Abyssinians have done, and are at present capable of doing, practically nothing to develop the country, let us consider the special inducements which Abyssinia has to offer for Italian expansion. First the climate is suitable for the settlement of a European population under the healthiest conditions, and

it is estimated—this is not an Italian estimate—that at least one million Italians could be settled on the land in ten years. Not only could they support themselves in all the necessities of life, but they could export to Italy and thereby relieve the economic position of the mother country. Secondly, Italy could be supplied with sufficient grain and meat from Abyssinia to enable the Italians to discontinue their imports of these commodities from foreign countries. As Italy is at present largely dependent in this respect on foreign imports, this question is to her one of great importance; especially as it is estimated that the agricultural areas of Abyssinia, cultivated under modern European conditions, would make Italy self-supporting in ten years besides producing a surplus for export purposes. This is the estimate of an impartial observer with considerable experience of Abyssinia, who is in a position to compare agricultural conditions here with those in other parts of the world. A position such as this would make the economic relationship of Abyssinia and Italy much the same as that now existing between Algeria and France, and would provide a new market for Italian industries, thereby cutting out Japanese commercial activity in Abyssinia.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that an over-populated Italy, which is far from self-supporting, should wish to penetrate into territories of great fertility which the Abyssinians themselves can only utilise to the smallest extent. And it is all the more significant that some of the most valuable grain-producing districts are situated in the neighbourhood of Aksum, Adawa and Adigrat, which is comparatively close to the Italian Colony of Eritrea. But, although the agricultural aspect of the country is that which appeals most strongly to Italy, and is undoubtedly Abyssinia's greatest potential source of wealth, there are other sources to be taken into consideration. The coffee grown in the Harar district, situated between the high plateaux and the desert bordering on Somaliland and conveniently close to the

Djibouti-Addis Ababa railway, is a valuable export commodity. With improved methods of cultivation and marketing, the Italians could reasonably expect to derive income from this source. On the other hand, the mineral wealth of Abyssinia has been grossly exaggerated, and tall stories have been told of the quantities of gold, platinum and precious stones simply waiting to be found, picked up and removed. Although these minerals do exist, reports of experts who have made expeditions in search of minerals are disappointing. Gold has been found in small quantities, but it is considered that the prospects do not justify the cost of exploitation. Platinum, on the other hand, which is worked by an Italian concession, is produced to the extent of about £50,000 per annum, and there is little doubt that the output could be increased. Diamonds are about the size of a pin-head and very scarce. It is, therefore, quite clear that Abyssinia is not an "Aladdin's Cave."

Another question of considerable interest is that of Japanese interests with regard to the country, about which there seem to be a great deal of misunderstanding. Before leaving London I was under the impression that the Japanese had a large cotton concession in Abyssinia, and had established themselves here politically as well as commercially. After investigation, however, I find that the Japanese community in Abyssinia consists of approximately two men and one woman, who carry on a trade in Japanese cotton goods in Addis Ababa! Yet the situation is not so farcial as it appears. The facts are that Japanese policy is to extend political and commercial influence among the coloured races of Africa, with a view to securing gradually an increasing degree of control, and Japan has decided that commercial influence should be the forerunner of political moves. In the case of Abyssinia the Japanese Government began several years ago by sending a small mission of exports to travel through the country and carefully to study the prospects for Japanese commerce. After a most thorough and

exhaustive investigation, this mission submitted a report to Tokio on which the Government will act when they consider that the time is appropriate. Meanwhile, the Japanese know exactly the value of Abyssinia from their commercial point of view, and are quietly distributing their cotton goods throughout the country as a preliminary to more intensive action. It is, therefore, at present on commercial grounds that Japan favours Abyssinia in her dispute with Italy, and it is significant that the Japanese Government have decided to open a Legation at Addis Ababa at the end of this year. Moreover, it is stated on the best authority that the Abyssinian Government have signed a contract with Japan for a most important consignment of ammunition, and that arrangements are being made for the visit to this country of a Japanese military and commercial mission.

As far as preparations for war with Italy are concerned, practically all that can be said is that intensive training is being carried out. While drilling is going on in every available space in the capital, field exercises under Belgian officers are carried out on the same system as at Aldershot, only with doubtful and somewhat humorous results. The Abyssinian fighting forces consist of:—(1) The Regular Army with uniform, armed with Mauser rifles, and stationed in certain important localities; (2) The Government Army with no uniform, and consisting of the peasants in all parts of the country, armed with rifles of every conceivable kind; and small private armies belonging to important Rases and other notables. While the strongest factor in favour of the fighting forces of Abyssinia lies in their mobility, and their suitability for surprise tactics and enveloping movements, their chief sources of weakness are to be found in their almost complete lack of modern military technique, the mixture and antiquated nature of most of their armaments, and their serious shortage of ammunition. In fighting qualities alone they leave nothing to be desired, and they can be relied upon to stand up to the most desperate situation.

In reviewing the situation as a whole, it is difficult not to sympathise to some extent with the Abyssinians in the plight in which they now find themselves. Yet, when it is realized that their continuous refusal to change with the times was only postponing the evil day, their situation appears in another light. In this matter the fact that they are Christians stands by no means in their favour. The point is that the Abyssinians, as they are to-day, are not only an obstruction to civilization in Africa, but a serious obstacle to the progress of European civilization. Although the Abyssinian case may appear a good one when viewed in a narrow sense, the civilized world surely demands that the honest and urgent needs of a highly civilized country like Italy should take precedence to those of a country that obstinately refuses to break with the feudal and corrupt system of centuries ago. If the case of Abyssinia is upheld, and Italy is denied her right to expand as a healthy and progressive nation, it will establish an unhealthy principle of obstructing the natural growth and expansion of nations well qualified to carry European civilization to the more remote parts of the earth. It is difficult to conceive of anything more injurious to the future of the world in general, and of the more backward nations in particular. What Abyssinia may lose in temporary prestige she would gain many times over in moral and material benefit, by co-operating with a European Power such as Italy in the development of her own natural resources. The suffering which a serious operation must always entail has in their case been inevitable for centuries. Yet all who admire tradition, courage, and the fine qualities of an ancient race, cannot but hope that the Abyssinians will be courageous enough to accept the inevitable. They cannot impede the march of civilization. If they attempt to do so they will court destruction, and the League of Nations cannot save them without acting directly contrary to the principles for which it was established.

The Leper

By Ashley Sampson

SOUL, in your whited cell, display
No anguished fears;
But in a final sense repay
The body for its years
Of passion spent in burning out
The Spirit to an empty drought.

When to its punishment all sense
Has yielded up
Eyes, heart and lips in recompense,
The unavailing cup
Of flesh will leave you, empty Soul,
Burnt to an ash—but clean and whole.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE coming General Election in this country is casting its shadow over the international situation, and when our rulers resume their various activities next month they will, however unwillingly, be compelled to regulate the foreign policy of Great Britain with one eye on the electorate. This is the more unfortunate in view of the fact that for years past all parties have combined to throw dust in the eyes of the voters. Ever since the Armistice the political leaders of the nation, the Press, and the clergy have never tired of spouting,

> "Reason, philosophy, fiddledum, diddledum,
> Peace and fraternity, higgledy, piggledy,"

with the result that the ordinary British citizen is to-day living in a world of his own which bears but a small resemblance to the actual position.

It is true that in some quarters there is an awakening to the real situation, and a welcome change of tone is to be detected in the utterances of more than one politician, and in the columns of more than one newspaper. This, however, is too late to have much effect at the coming General Election, and the appeal will have to be made to a nation still doped with the narcotics of such bodies as the League of Nations Union. The enormous power which this gives to the crank and the faddist is obvious, and it is not lessened by the existing uncertainty where the National Government stands.

Collective Security

A NOTABLE example of this is the question of collective security. Speaking of it at Glasgow on November 23rd, 1934, the Prime Minister said :—

> "This is unpracticable in view of the fact to-day that the U.S.A. is not yet a member of the League of Nations and that Germany and Japan have both retired from it. A collective peace system could never be undertaken without those countries —of that I am quite certain—and so long as I have any responsi-

> bility in the Government for deciding whether or not this country shall join a collective peace system I will say this: Never as an individual will I sanction the British Navy being used for the armed blockade of any country in the world until I know what the U.S.A. are going to do."

At Llandrindod on April 8th of the present year he declared,

> "Collective security is a difficult subject. We do not know, we cannot tell what form it may take, but, as one who has been studying and working on this question through bad times, through many years, I am driven to the conclusion that the last way we have of ensuring peace is by some means of collective security, and to that end, inside the League of Nations, the whole of Europe must get together to play its part and devise the means by which this great end can be achieved."

Does this mean that the Prime Minister is in favour of collective security or not? If he is, are we to understand that he is willing to co-operate in the application of sanctions with or without the assistance of the United States? The Glasgow speech would seem to imply that he regards the collaboration of Washington as essential: the Llandrindod speech that he is willing to act with the European Powers alone. Which interpretation is the correct one?

The League of Nations

THEN there is the League of Nations. We are continually being told that it is the basis of British policy, but if it is merely a piece of diplomatic machinery how can it be the basis of a policy? Such an assertion can only be true if it is the intention of His Majesty's Government to convert the League into a super-State, which a mere handful of people in this country desire. Otherwise, it is as sensible as it would be to declare that the basis of the Government's educational system is the schools, rather than the type of instruction which is provided in them.

These criticisms are made in no carping spirit, but rather with a view to pointing out the weaknesses in the Government's case on the eve of the General Election.

Where there is uncertainty there will be suspicion, and the latter in its turn will provide an excuse for such actions as the holding of the so-called Peace Ballot, with its have-you-left-off-beating-your-wife type of question. The Press, too, or rather a section of it, is also much to blame, with its enquiries of waiters and ice-cream vendors as to their views on the Italo-Abyssinian crisis. Yet the primary responsibility rests with the Government, which has omitted to say where it stands, and so encourages the dissemination of every kind of heresy.

Trust the People

IN the last weeks of his life King Charles I wrote to his son, "The English nation are a sober people; however at present under some infatuation." That is a truth which the present Government would do well to bear in mind as the date of the elections draws nearer. There have been far too many occasions when ministers have whispered to selected audiences, under promises of secrecy, behind closed doors, that the nation is running an unparalleled risk. What is wanted now is that the public should be told quite plainly what is happening, and those who know our fellow-citizens best are most convinced that the answer would surprise the world; but there must be no disguising the truth or the effects of fifteen years of pacifist teaching will close the nation's ears.

Reform of the League of Nations and sufficient armaments to defend British interests must be the main objects of the national policy. The two recent speeches of Sir Samuel Hoare in the House of Commons show that he is thoroughly alive to the situation, and his breadth of vision is in marked contrast with the pedantic narrow-mindedness of his predecessor. Whether the Government likes it or not, questions of foreign policy will be much to the fore when the election campaign begins, and the only hope of victory lies in being perfectly frank. To say that everything in the garden will be lovely if only

we continue to trust the League of Nations is to play straight into the hands of the Opposition.

The Abyssinian Crisis

THE failure of the Three Power Conference in Paris, taken in conjunction with the state of feeling at Rome, would seem to render an early war between Italy and Abyssinia inevitable. In such an event the position of this country is clear. We must maintain complete neutrality. The Government has very properly taken steps to prevent the outbreak of war, and it is to be regretted that they were not successful. We are not principals in the present quarrel, and neither our interests nor our honour demand that we should become such. No useful international purpose would be served by transforming the crisis between Italy and Abyssinia into one between the former country and Great Britain.

This is not to say that there is no need for any action on our part. It will be difficult to prevent the conflict from having serious repercussions in the various British African colonies, and this means that the garrisons in them will have to be strengthened. If, moreover, there appears to be any likelihood of a change of régime in the neighbourhood of Lake Tsana, care will have to be taken that British interests in that region are not adversely affected. Above all, the national re-armament must be accelerated, so that the country may be prepared for any contingency.

The Question of Sanctions

IN some quarters there is talk of the application of sanctions, which is a polite phrase for stopping Italy by armed force. It is sincerely to be hoped that no serious consideration will be given to such suggestions. The consequences of such action would be incalculable for, even if all the members of the League of Nations agreed to co-operate, which is most unlikely, the attitude of the United States, Germany, and Japan would still have to be taken into consideration. The control of

Addis Ababa is not worth the bones of a Boy Scout, let alone the chaos which the application of sanctions would precipitate.

There is no call for alarm, and certainly none for panic. This is not the first occasion in history on which a European Power has gone to war in Africa, nor is it likely to be the last. We may consider that the coming conflict is unnecessary, but that is for future historians to decide. Some contemporaries held such a view with regard to the South African War. It is the duty of politicians and the Press to maintain an attitude of philosophical detachment towards the Italo-Abyssinian conflict, and not to give it an importance which, from the historical standpoint, it seems unlikely ever to possess.

The Succession States

THE tension between Italy and Abyssinia has tended to obscure the extremely unsatisfactory situation in the Succession States. Suspicion and fear are rapidly spreading, as the growth of armaments proves. In the *Venkov* of Prague, of July 18th, the armed forces of the Little Entente were given as follows :—

Rumania : 315,000 men and 799 aeroplanes.

Jugo-Slavia : 195,000 men and 568 aeroplanes.

Czecho-Slovakia : 192,000 men and 546 aeroplanes.

To these must be added the armies of Austria and Hungary, some 60,000 in all, so that among them the Succession States have probably twice as many men under arms as had the old Austro-Hungarian Empire.

In spite of this no one has any policy save to declare that the existing order, based on the Peace Treaties, must be preserved at all costs. There are signs that Rumania is becoming alive to the fact that the future must bring either the *Anschluss* or a Habsburg restoration, but the Czechs, and to a lesser extent, the Jugo-Slavs, apparently still believe that change can be prevented. No impartial observer is under any illusion that within a decade either

the Habsburgs or the Prussians will be the rulers of Vienna; the latter solution means a European war, while the former could, by skilful diplomacy, be effected without one. As soon as the Abyssinian crisis is out of the way, it is to be hoped that the Powers will direct their gaze towards the Danube.

The Real Problem

WHAT is too often forgotten is that behind such questions as the revision of the Peace Treaties, German rearmament, and the Italo-Abyssinian dispute lies the problem whether it is possible to alter the *status quo* save by force. Mr. J. B. Firth, in a recent article in the *Daily Telegraph*, went to the heart of the matter when he wrote, "Given a nation which has an urge towards expansion and a conviction of its natural right to expansion—how is it to expand under the covenant of the League of Nations? . . . There is rightly much talk of the principle of collective security. That is for curbing the voracious appetite. But what is there for satisfying the natural aspiration? That is a question which has been burked from the outset. But it is vital to the peace of the world and to the future of the League of Nations."

The weakness of the Holy Alliance and of the Holy Roman Empire before it, was their resistance to all change: they were so identified with the existing order that when it went they went too. So far the face of the League of Nations has been saved either by ignoring violations of international law, or by representing them in a different light; but such a procedure cannot be continued indefinitely. Does Geneva wish to preserve peace or to execute justice? If the former alone then its days are numbered; if the latter then it may have a glorious future, but its machinery and outlook must first of all be transformed. It is to be hoped that the British Government will not let slip the opportunity of taking a lead in this matter.

A Curious Conference

IT is interesting to read that a few days ago a conference on academic freedom was held at Oxford, when a resolution was approved " establishing an International Committee for the Relief of Victimised Teachers, with instruction to organize moral and material support, especially for those still remaining in their own countries." Some pretty strong speeches seem to have marked the occasion, and a Professor Lascelles Abercrombie declared that " some of the best minds and spirits of Europe had not only been dispossessed, but had been abused and were in danger of starvation and death."

All this sounds innocent enough, but before readers of the ENGLISH REVIEW assist the International Committee for the Relief of Victimised Teachers they would doubtless like to know what steps are being taken to aid the victims of the Soviets in Russia, of Azaña in Spain, of the Grand Orient in France, and of the Mexican persecution. Otherwise, it will be difficult for Professor Lascelles Abercrombie and his friends to prevent the spread of the impression that in their opinion teachers are only " victimised " if they are Liberals and Socialists. (When United Italy was established the Liberals dispossessed no less than thirty-two professors in the University of Naples alone on account of their Bourbon sympathies.) A dozen authenticated cases of assistance given to those who have suffered for Right opinions would suffice.

Two Useful Books

MOST intelligent people have by now grasped the essential features of the Corporate State in Italy itself, but the application of its principles on an international scale has not been sufficiently studied. " World Reorganization on Corporative Lines," by Giuseppe de Michelis (Allen & Unwin, 10s.), should be read by all students of modern political problems, for it contains much that is at once suggestive and stimulating. The

author, who is an Italian senator, and has held many important offices in his own country and at the League of Nations, attaches very great importance to the question of population, and he shows how the world's economic effort is hampered by the restrictions imposed upon the free migration of people. Not the least valuable feature of this work is the statistics which it contains.

There has also recently appeared a volume entitled "Fascism: Doctrine and Institutions" (Ardita, Rome, 5s.). It includes a translation of Signor Mussolini's article on Fascism in the Italian Encyclopædia, and the text of the more important legal enactments upon which the existing régime in Italy is based, as well as an excellent bibliography. In future no one should give his opinion upon matters Italian until he has read this work.

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In Memoriam

Professor Edmund Gardner

Quanta la cosa è più perfetta
Più senta il bene, e così la doglienza.

Great scholar on whose brow the seal was set
Of mystic, saint and poet; soaring free
From the world's chains, of that high company
Who wear pure selflessness for coronet.
He had all sense of truth and justice, yet
His judgments had their roots in charity;
And, though all sorrows moved him, never he
Slackened his grasp of Hope's green amulet.

He walked in Dante's footsteps, and his eyes
Had much of wonder in them, much of awe.
His soul, haply for joy too sensitive,
Was rather tuned to ecstasy, and saw
Great sights, and gave what few have power to give,
And opened out the way to Paradise.

"X"

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by **HUGH KINGSMILL**

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Literary Notes

By Hugh Kingsmill

Don Quixote

"DON QUIXOTE" is not much read by the English, who are always grateful to anyone who boasts in print that he has never been able to get to the end of it. Apart from Coleridge and Lamb, there is little good criticism of "Don Quixote" in English, and they are both too brief to be of much service to a reluctant reader. Salvador de Madariaga has now given us a study (Don Quixote. Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d.) which, though sometimes too subtle, is often profound and always interesting. It can be recommended with hardly any reservation to those who really wish to acquaint themselves with the two greatest characters in imaginative literature outside Shakespeare,

and if Sancho does not stand on the same level as Falstaff, Don Quixote is a more coherent and deeper creation than Hamlet.

Don Quixote is a perfect expression of the type which tries to find in this world a satisfaction of its longing for perfection. Sancho Panza is the ordinary man, who, dissatisfied with his narrow existence, follows the Utopians, from Moses to Lenin, into a promised land where human nature continues to be as fallible and ineffective as before. Don Quixote has the further interest that he reflects the character of Cervantes himself as shown in the affairs of life, for the wisdom of Cervantes was in his afterthoughts, not in his foresight. The nature of Cervantes and his experience in youth and in old age can be divined from Don Quixote's apostrophe to the sleeping Sancho: "No jealousies on thy lady's account keep thee in perpetual watchings, nor do anxious thoughts of paying debts awake thee, nor is thy rest broken with thoughts of what thou must do to-morrow, to provide for thyself and thy little family. Ambition disquiets thee not, nor does the vain pomp of the world disturb thee."

Protecting Bernard Shaw

TO be Don Quixote is a hard destiny. To play Don Quixote, and charge the Sancho Panzas gate money, is a profitable occupation. Among recent impersonations of Don Quixote the most finished beyond question is that of Bernard Shaw, whose career is one of the romances of the modern business world. He began by attacking the established order in general terms, and then conciliated it by defending it in particular instances. During the Boer War the firebrand Shaw carried a loyal torch in the state procession. When England declared war on Germany, Shaw at once expressed his approval; and when a few months later a brilliant pamphlet, written in his peacetime style, got him into trouble with a public inflamed by war, he saw his blunder, withdrew into

private life and did not emerge until he had mastered the art of writing recruiting plays. These manœuvrings were not exactly insincere, but there are different layers of sincerity, and Shaw has never got down to the level at which a man begins to suffer in person or pocket. No one has ever had so fine a sense of how near the stake a man may comfortably go in support of his opinions. The writer who approaches him most closely in this respect is Dickens, between whom and Shaw I suggested a parallel in a book published some months ago. " Dickens," I said, " whom both Bernard Shaw and Mr. Chesterton have portrayed as a prophet rebuking the powerful, never went ahead of his public. . . . ' Hard Times ' . . . is adduced by Bernard Shaw as an example of how Dickens struck out when his social conscience was awakened by Carlyle. But ' Hard Times ' doubled the circulation of Dickens's paper. . . . The public of the eighteen-fifties wanted hard-faced employers suffering the pangs of remorse, just as the post-war public wanted to forget Lloyd George and Clemenceau in the contemplation of such comparative idealists as Lincoln and Joan of Arc."

A few weeks ago I wrote a review of Dickens's letters to his wife for " Time and Tide," which is edited by Lady Rhondda. My review started a correspondence into which Mr. Shaw entered with a letter covering nearly a page and a half. In my review I summarised my reasons for thinking that Mrs. Dickens was altogether mistaken in believing that her husband had ever loved her. Mr. Shaw, after stating that Dickens may have driven his wife crazy by the too rapid exploitation of her fertility, that Dickens and she were totally unsuited to each other when the babies stopped at last, and that the comic aspects of Mrs. Dickens used to convulse her husband at the dinner-table, concluded—" Mrs. Dickens was right: Charles did love her a great deal more ardently than was good for either of them; and so her point is carried, and the incident closed."

A reference in Mr. Shaw's letter to Dickensian rag-pickers confirmed my feeling that the sentence I have just quoted ought to have ended—" and so her point is carried, the incident closed, and Kingsmill blown to bits." To correct this delusion of Mr. Shaw's I wrote a letter to " Time and Tide," in which I reminded Mr. Shaw that in the preface to " Getting Married," he had spoken of " the unnaturally sustained concupiscences " of marriage, and left it to him to reconcile this phrase with his theory that Dickens, who never troubled to conceal his disgust at his wife's pregnancies, was in love with her.

My letter was returned by the assistant editress of " Time and Tide," who wrote : " We get so many letters (whenever Mr. Shaw writes) which specialize in being offensive to him that we have to make it a rule not to publish them." I called on the assistant editress, and, having drawn her attention to the fact that " Time and Tide " describes itself as an independent weekly, I tried to make her see the distinction between my reply to Mr. Shaw's attack and a burst of fireworks from some person whose false sense of values had bred a desire to link his name with Mr. Shaw's. My efforts were useless. Like the black girl whose search for a god ended in the, to her, entirely satisfying spectacle of Bernard Shaw sitting under a peruke purloined from Voltaire, the assistant editress clearly regarded Mr. Shaw as divine.

" You therefore," I said, " refuse to allow someone who has written half-a-dozen biographies to defend himself against an attack from Mr. Shaw, who though himself incapable of writing a biography has a reputation which gives importance to anything he says, however intrinsically silly."

The assistant editress then suggested that I should rewrite my letter, but I declined this suggestion, having no desire to keep on rewriting my letter until it harmonised with the editorial policy of protecting Mr. Shaw's dignity from the results of his impudence.

J. S. Collis

THE title of Mr. Collis's book, "Farewell to Argument" (Cassell, 7s. 6d.), expresses rather Mr. Collis's desire to persuade himself that he has found the right answers to the chief problems of life than a firm conviction that he has succeeded in this difficult quest. If he were more sure of himself he would be less assertive. "I propose," he writes, "to clear up a certain amount of this mess (the moral and metaphysical confusion created by the Victorians). It is not a strikingly easy task. I have put it off for ten years. But what I promise, I shall perform." Those who can perform do not need to promise, and those who promise, as every creditor knows, often do not perform.

Much of the destructive criticism in this book is excellent. Mr. Collis is, I think, the first critic to analyse Aldous Huxley's much-quoted view that if Wordsworth had gone to the tropics he would have lost his faith in nature. "The difference," Mr. Collis writes, "between these two places (Westmorland and the tropics) is one of degree only. In both there is beauty, in both struggle, suffering, and death." He is also acute on Bertrand Russell, Shaw and Dean Inge, though he stirs some sympathy for the unfortunate dean when he says that a few will remember it against the dean to his dying day, and stick it into his side as a quivering poisoned dagger, that he once wrote: "Our Lord was not a proletarian. He belonged to an independent, self-respecting, yeoman class." This is surely not a very extravagant assertion for a Christian to make.

Mr. Collis is still in the sizzling stage. When he has cooled down, his ability will show itself to much better advantage. At present he manages to combine an intense enthusiasm for Wordsworth, who wrote "The Gods approve the depth and not the tumult of the soul," with an intense enthusiasm for Lawrence, from whom he quotes "Everything, everything is the wonderful shimmer of creation, it may be a deadly shimmer like lightning or

the anger in the little eyes of bears, it may be the beautiful shimmer of the moving deer. . . . There is, in our sense of the word, no God. But all is Godly." This passage is to Mr. Collis "one of so many in Lawrence which flame with the Universal fire." But if all is godly, Dean Inge is as godly as an angry bear. Mr. Collis must either allow this, or reconsider his acceptance of Lawrence's mystical olla-podrida.

Glass Castles

MEMORY AND IMAGINATION. By OSBERT BURDETT. (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d. net.)

ODD MAN OUT: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PROPAGANDA NOVELIST. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. (Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.)

MR. OSBERT BURDETT takes the public for father confessor. His opening chapters depict a child's world in the phrasing of an adult. With her "military carriage," Smith, the parlour-maid, is absolutely *correct*. Feigning sleep, the small boy watches the paragon lay the dinner. The hock is yet to be uncorked. "Then the shock came. Smith . . . looked quickly into the hall, and then, taking the bottle behind the door with her . . . took a pull at it." With a child's flair for the sensational, the spectator reports the delinquent to his mother.

"With the fish the hock was served. Nobody, however, accepted it." The repast ran its leisurely course. . . . "Father in a particularly genial mood it would seem, smiling and chatting to us more than usual." Lulled by these pranks into a sense of security, the victim pours out the Master's port.

"Is there any hock left?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring it, will you, please."

"Let me look at it a moment with the napkin off, will you?"

"I see. Take this bottle, and empty it immediately into the fernery. Through there, now."

"Very well, sir."

"That is all," said my father. . .

The name of her successor was Shrimpton."

If this baiting of a dependent, whose discharge had already been determined upon, was typical of domestic relations three reigns back, we may congratulate ourselves upon an amelioration of manners. But the "Master" got what he deserved. What bee had stung him that he handed over his cellar to the parlour-maid? If he possessed no male domestic, could he not have drawn the cork himself? Some arcana are veiled from women. No woman can be a philoscpher or a butler.

In Cambridge, we assist at the conversation of cultured youth. "The dark man made an emendation to Keats." In the line—

"... In the dance's dangerous wreath"

he substituted for "wreath," "maze." "An emendation to Keats which I still think that Keats would have jumped at." Jumped, yes; *at*, no! The assonance introduced by following the "a" in "dangerous" by that in "maze," would rasp the ear of a metrist as sensitive as Keats. Need we add that the word "in" does not occur in the line at all? This runs—

"Though swimming through the dance's dangerous wreath."

To consult a text before emending it, is impracticable in an epoch of speed. "The dark man abounded in ideas of such quality." And so to London, but not apparently to love. Mr. Burdett meets Lane, Robert Ross, George Moore. To the power of his portrait of the last-mentioned—although limned with a caricaturist's pen—I can testify, for I was in a position to study the novelist on two occasions, on the second of which he promised me, for my "London's Latin Quarter," matter

for a chapter on the novelist's art. Alas! A letter he sent me shortly after this contained the following:—

"The book that you are writing to be published by John Lane . . . is a polemical work, and I do not care to enter the arena of modern literary polemics again. It would be a pleasure to help you, but . . . I am not feeling very well—I am not even sure that I have not the 'flu, and shall go out of town on Saturday. Regretting the breaking of the appointment for Sunday. . . ." Though I suspected that George Moore's "'flu" had been as lightly summoned as it would be dismissed, I could hardly bear resentment, as he had been known to praise my verse at his parties in cordial terms.

"Memory and Imagination" is imaginative, realistic, self-revealing. A reader is left with the impression of being personally acquainted with the author's family. To stamp this imprint upon the mind is a feat. Intimacy is the vogue. An Englishman's home is his castle of glass.

* * * * * *

When England declared war on Germany in 1914 her justification for so doing was twofold: her pledge to maintain the neutrality of Belgium, and the necessity of preventing a rapidly expanding Power, which was openly voicing Pan-German sentiments, from occupying territory immediately facing England across the Channel. Rarely do the dictates of honour coincide so exactly with those of interest. Don Quixote was backed by the clear thinkers. Either plea would have justified our decision to enter hostilities. Together they were compelling. The "path of duty" was as conspicuous as the Eddystone light. Mr. Goldring declared himself pacifist. His reasons are beyond me, but I raise my hat to him for his courage. He fought the militarists tooth and nail, and Heavens! how bellicose these pacifists can be! Though his attitude brought him near to destitution he continued to write counter-war novels on tea and bread-and-butter;

some days on nothing at all. A martyr is always respectable, but he is not always readable. This Mr. Goldring emphatically is. He is likewise gifted with wit, humour, observation, and perfect good temper while, pacifism apart, his common sense is Johnsonian. The chapters of his book which please me most are those which deal with Edwardian and late Victorian London. Here is an anecdote of the seventies. In his bachelor days, his father had chambers in Gray's Inn. " . . . He was looking out of his window one night when he was nearly hit on the head by a pair of boots thrown from the window above. The boots were followed by stays, stockings, petticoats, and other articles of feminine apparel. In considerable surprise he went to his oak and saw a lady descending the staircase *in puris naturalibus*. Her gentleman friend had, it appeared, taken a sudden dislike to her, and after first hurling her clothes out of his window, had sent her after them."

I remember, on some occasion, being introduced to Mr. Goldring in Bruges, when we drank a bock together. Would that I had then divined him to be an authority upon Edwardian London! Had I known that he also cherished an affection for Flecker's boyish but enchanting lyric, " Rioupéroux "; that as a youth he had thrilled to romantic trillings of the ridiculous "Navaho"; that, like myself, he regarded the exquisite Gaiety star, Gabrielle Ray, as possessed of a " tiny streak of genius," I fancy our talk would have prolonged itself into the night. The bock would have become a dozen bocks. For Mr. Goldring is sound on the drink question. *There* he is in agreement with the great. What the Master mind thought of the total abstainer, I long since explained to my friend Professor Vines. Shakespeare has bequeathed to us the portrait of one teetotaler. After boasting of his aberration, this fellow collapses upon the stage, whence he has to be *carried* by a gentleman of normal diet.

KENNETH HARE.

Conrad

JOSEPH CONRAD AND HIS CIRCLE. BY JESSIE CONRAD. (Jarrolds. 18s.)

To make a success as cook, housekeeper and wife to a gouty and irritable man of genius—a foreigner into the bargain—required good humour and unselfishness, no less than domestic efficiency. These qualities Mrs. Conrad possessed to an unusual degree, so that we can hardly blame her, when writing an account of her married life eleven years after her husband's death, for making herself the heroine of the story. The book is largely concerned with the smaller domesticities, "dainty teas" served to appease the ill-humour of "my lord and master," the difficulties of moving house, Conrad's occasional rudeness to his guests and what Mrs. Elsie Hueffer said when Henry James handed her the first cup. It could hardly have been otherwise, for Mrs. Conrad makes it clear that she was unable to share her husband's intellectual life, while Conrad's social background, and that of his friends, was evidently different from her own.

The founder of the ENGLISH REVIEW, Ford Madox Hueffer, seems to have been Mrs. Conrad's special *bête noire*, though she admits there was a kind of fascination about the man, "a fascination that I could never understand." She admits also that "it was not enough for a man of genius to be warm and comfortable, to have a devoted wife to cook for him and attend to his creature comforts. He needed a mental stimulus, and in the early days F.M.H. provided that." On the other hand Ford once committed the unpardonable crime of using Conrad's evening clothes as an extra bed-covering! A glimpse of Mrs. Conrad's sense of values, where men of letters were concerned, can be obtained from the pride with which she records the fact that her second son "had the great distinction of having his perambulator pushed by no less a person than Sir Sidney Colvin."

What makes this book so readable is the unconscious humour of many of the anecdotes, trivial in themselves, which Mrs. Conrad thinks it worth while to relate. Here, for example, is an account of an afternoon call paid by Norman Douglas, Austin Harrison and Frank Harris, when the Conrads were living in Capri. "I stayed in the room some half hour or so and Frank Harris, to everyone's surprise, rose and without a word to either of us, coolly rang the bell for more coffee. The impertinence nearly took my breath away, and the air was tense for a few moments. Then some remark made by that extraordinary man, who must

have forgotten he was in an English drawing-room, brought Norman Douglas to his feet with a bound. But consummate gentleman as he was always, in his dealings with a woman, he merely offered me his arm and led me to the door."

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

A Pious Chronicle

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AND THE ST. JAMES' THEATRE. By A. E. W MASON. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

"THIS wonderful book," as Lady Alexander calls it in her equally wonderful epilogue, is a perfect illustration of two truths: (1) that a man's "Life" should never be written by a friend, and (2) that a writer may be an excellent novelist without possessing a single qualification for the far more difficult and delicate art of biography. Mr. Mason appears to think that all a biographer has to do is to set down a number of facts in a pleasant and orderly fashion and make his subject as noble as possible; with the result that this biography is quite undistinguished and the portrait of Sir George Alexander might be the portrait of a saint in trousers. It is, of course, possible that Mr. Mason was bored by his job, and only did it from a sense of duty; but it is more likely that he regards biography as a mere chronicle and would be surprised if he were told that the biographer should possess as much imagination, as strong a grasp of reality, as keen an insight into human character as the novelist.

Whatever the cause, his book is a colourless record of events, containing a bare silhouette of an actor. But Sir George Alexander was, after all, a human being, with human passions, shortcomings, weaknesses. To suggest that he was practically free of faults, and that in a quarrel he was always right and the other fellow always wrong, is to stretch human credibility to breaking-point, and to produce a monster of virtue that never was on sea or land, let alone on the stage. What the hagiographer fails to perceive is that a man's virtues can only be appreciated when set against his vices. It is a libel on human nature to paint it as perfect.

Sir (or Saint) George Alexander is thus a plaster figure in this gospel according to St. James' Theatre, and Mr. Mason even

goes out of his way to attack any suggestions that have been made in certain quarters that his hero was liable to error. For example, he denies that Alexander "cut" Oscar Wilde on the Riviera shortly after the latter's release from prison. Up to now the truth of this story has rested on the rather dubious evidence of Frank Harris; but it so happens that the present writer was told the same story by Robert Ross, who declared that Alexander was ashamed of his action and did his best to make up for it in various ways thereafter.

Alexander went in dread of popular opinion and was a martyr to convention; he would no more have risked unpopularity than appeared on the stage in baggy trousers; he put a high value on titles, reverenced royalty, and rated blue blood above brains of any colour. He did not (though Mr. Mason thinks he did) remove Oscar Wilde's name from the bills and programmes of *Earnest* for the sake of the author, who, in any case, was more in need of moral than of financial support, but for the sake of his own reputation. Against these defects Alexander possessed certain sterling qualities, but after reading Mr. Mason's book a critic may be forgiven for declining to mention them.

HESKETH PEARSON.

Fiction

FOLLOW THE FURIES. By ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.)
WILLOWS OF THE BROOK. By PHILIP KEELEY. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)
EARLY PORTRAIT. By MARGARET H. WATT. (Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.)
LUCY GAYHEART. By WILLA CATHER. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)
THE MOUNTAIN AND THE TREE. By HELEN BEAUCLERK. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

PATMORE'S principle—that poetry should live on the interest, not on the capital, of the passions—applies also to "problems" in novels or plays. It is the virtue of Miss Chilton's novel to illustrate this axiomatic truth: the "problem" in "Follow the Furies" is the hub of the action only.

The heroine is the daughter of an "advanced" novelist and of a mother smitten with an incurable disease that often ends in idiocy. Barbara, unable to endure the sight of this creeping paralysis, decides to save her mother from its climax by giving her a secret, quick, and painless death. The plan, well told,

succeeds to perfection. The second half of the book describes the effect on the daughter of her act. Barbara, though " her father's daughter," finds that her real assumptions are not those she has glibly repeated. It would be unfair to reveal the consequences of this discovery, though I fancy that they might have worked the opposite way to that described—outside America at any rate. The reader should rather be assured that this is an absorbing, highly competent novel, destined (I hope) to repeat its American success. The various characters live, and their conduct quietly illustrates the differences in their metaphysics: that young man is no prig who refuses Barbara's suggestion to become his mistress after she has just declined to marry him. He is shown to be a man in want of a beautiful sovereign who cannot accept 240 coppers as any equivalent at all. This and its effect on her should illustrate the understanding and sincerity of the story. Perhaps I may contrast its quality with that of a novel condemned here last month: not because it dealt with an unpleasant " problem," but because its substance was the " capital " of that unpleasantness.

The quietness of Mr. Philip Keeley's second book is the power of a genuine gift for story-telling. No plot or problem is necessary to him. Out of any situation, with him, a story grows. Here, two children of Belgian refugees in the crush of the flight get separated from their parents and each other. Too young to tell their own surname, they are never traced. Around their father's unfaltering search, their very different lives in England are unfolded. An admirable invention introduces a no less admirable variety of characters. Mr. Keeley, a natural artist, has written a human and delightful book.

To tell a story backward can be a fascinating method, but Miss Watt's opening, with the popular schoolmistress at seventy, proves to be no more than an easy way of skipping the vast interval between Kate's arrival at college and the crown of her career. The rest of the book recounts a Victorian girlhood in the country. But such spinsters deserve to be rescued from satire by sympathy and understanding. Miss Watts has spun out the hackneyed part of her novel into twenty-three chapters, and crushed the vital part into one! No mistake could be more enormous.

If published under any other author's name, Miss Cather's new novel would not be thought remarkable. It is the kind that

deceives the undiscerning into praise, the pretence instead of the reality of simplicity. The main theme is the innocent adoration of a young girl for a great artist; the minor her recoil from the rich young philistine to whom she was all but engaged when the famous baritone appeared. Unfortunately, the only gaiety in Lucy is her surname; the "greatness" of the baritone is unreal. Their talk has scarcely a trace of inspiration, even of spontaneity. Yet Miss Cather's fine intention can be felt; the end is better far than the beginning; but the oddity is that her inspiration, here baffled by the simple and the great, stirs over the "unsympathetic" characters whom she introduces with the crude equivalents of melodrama. That fault is crucial: we should have to find out in fiction (as in life) who the bad characters are. Only with Harry Gordon, the young philistine, is there any attempt at shading. Only over the orchard does Lucy herself come to life. What has happened to Miss Cather?

Though inspired by the anthropology that is often anti-Christian propaganda, there is merit in Miss Beauclerks four stories—designed to illustrate man's religious beliefs in the Stone, Minoan, post-Homeric Ages, and in the third century A.D. The first is poor because the authoress is too handicapped by her authorities, though she incidentally succeeds in making prehistoric magic seem as natural as scientific theories seem to-day. But so soon as she reaches real history, the age of myth, she moves more freely, since myth is more profound and human than the surmises of materialists with no Lucretian ichor in their own veins. This improvement is maintained, is most apparent in the fourth story. If the authoress has no dramatic gift, the descriptive serves her well, and the philosophy she has taken on trust is only a minor character. We expected to be assured that religion is man-made, that heaven is only a mirror of terrene happiness, that "chastity is but a means of storing power and has no virtue of itself." Still, on the whole, the authoress is wiser than her philosophy. Moreover, if the manner is somewhat heavy, the style is admirably severe. It is better reading than Frazer. Too solid for frivolous readers, the book has value for the better sort. There are some misprints: "prophesies" (p. 45), "Boetian" (p. 113), and "Phillipi" (p. 357). Those who read it will read it carefully.

OSBERT BURDETT.

The First Gentleman of Europe

GEORGE THE FOURTH. By ROGER FULFORD. Duckworth. 9s.

IT was inevitable that the author of "Royal Dukes" should have been tempted to write the biography of their elder brother, and his book should go far to redress the balance where George IV is concerned. Earlier writers were far too inclined to take their cue from the Whigs or from Thackeray, and Mr. Shane Leslie was rather the advocate for the defence than the judge. Mr. Fulford, it must be confessed, leans to the side of the First Gentleman, but he rarely loses his sense of proportion, and he omits no essential fact, though he does not always place the emphasis where many of us feel it should be placed.

The latter part of this volume is superior to the first, and one feels that the author is on more familiar ground when he is treating of his subject as Regent and King, than merely as Prince of Wales. He is by no means just, for example, to Pitt. It is all very well to sneer at George III and his ministers for grudging the Prince an allowance of more than £62,000 a year simply because James II, as heir presumptive, had £100,000; but the country was on the verge of bankruptcy, whereas in the reign of Charles II it had been very prosperous indeed. It was only with the greatest difficulty that twenty-five millions could be raised in revenue, there was a deficit of six millions, and a floating debt of fourteen millions: in these circumstances it is surely impossible to blame the monarch and the administration for looking askance at a young man whose debts already ran into hundreds of thousands. The Prince was a drain on the National resources during one of the most critical periods in British history.

It is *suggestio falsi* to say "Pitt had that agreeable arrogance of the true Tory who feels that it is a national disaster if a Tory administration is not in office." It would have been a national disaster had anyone save Pitt been Prime Minister in the years following the war of American Independence, and it was a national disaster when he was forced to resign in 1801. Mr. Fulford has been seduced by the personal charm of Fox into oblivion of his political incapacity and of his unpopularity. All through the years when Pitt alone stood between Great Britain and a revolution on the French pattern, the Prince of Wales was one of the leaders of the opposition. It is unnecessary to accuse the Prime Minister of being actuated by personal and party considerations because he wished to restrict the Prince's power for mischief if he became regent.

With the Prince's assumption of the Regency the author goes on from strength to strength. He is fair both to Liverpool and Canning, and steers his way skilfully through the political intrigues of the twenties, displaying more than a little knowledge of character in the process. On the whole question of the Queen he is first-class, and the pages devoted to this subject should serve as a corrective to some recent works, which have been characterized rather by sentimentality than a regard for truth. There are, it may be noted, two slips of the pen in these chapters: Brougham was not a peer in 1820, nor were the Borgias sovereigns of Modena in the second decade of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Fulford has written an excellent, and, in places, provocative, book, but when the reader lays it regretfully down he can hardly have reached any other conclusion than that the First Gentleman of Europe was a cad. An intelligent cad, and one not without certain attractive characteristics, but nevertheless a cad.

CHARLES PETRIE.

A French Novelist

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF AN UPPER CLASS. By HENRY DE MOTHERLANT. Translated by THOMAS MCGREEVY. (John Miles. 7s. 6d.)

To those familiar with the previous work of Henry de Motherlant, who has been named by the critics "un prince des jeunes lettres françaises" and "une des figures les plus hautaines de l'inquiétude moderne," his latest novel "Les Célibataires," rendered into English in Mr. Thomas McGreevy's excellent translation as "Lament for the Death of an Upper Class," will come as a surprise tinged with slight disenchantment on a first reading. Accustomed as we have been to Motherlant's lyricism and his assertion of heroic values, our surprise is natural enough in view of the restrictions of his present subject, which is expounded within the limits of a family history, and its austere and subdued tone. The movement of the narrative is slow, gradually revealing his characters within the social environment of which they are both products and victims, but the portraits grow upon us and are in the end indelibly imprinted in our memory.

The portraiture is not of heroes who strive to dominate the chaos of the modern world, as in Motherlant's earlier novels, but of mediocre souls sunk in a kind of miasma of ineptitude, though

not without the elements of grandeur hidden in their depths—a grandeur which asserts itself in a final surge of rebellious pride, as on the eve of the comte de Coantré's death. This pathetic hero and his uncle, the comte de Coëtquidan, are eccentric bachelors who have taken refuge in a world of their own, and refuse as far as possible to pay tribute to social exigencies. Their dependence on the outside world is, however, illustrated upon the death of de Coantré's mother, who had sheltered them. Her legacy to them, as they soon find out, had been sapped in advance by family loans, and the creditors lose no time in coming into the open. The uncle and nephew appeal to de Coëtquidan's rich brother, Octave, whose relations with his poor relatives are illuminatingly dealt with. De Coëtquidan, the more misanthropic of the two, survives, but de Coantré, accepting Octave's invitation to retire to the country, finds that his frail hold on life can no longer be sustained, and dies suddenly, but not before realizing the bitter mistake of his life-long humility.

The eccentricity of Motherlant's characters recalls George Duhamel's "Salavin" or Marcel Jouhandeau's "Tite-le-Long." But Motherlant is more mordant and merciless, as, for example in his brief portrait of Mlle. de Bauret, the modern girl to whom "novelty is synonymous with value." Motherlant's novel is an indictment of the lack of sympathy and blood-feeling between men, especially of blood-feeling, for Motherlant has always been hostile to sentiment even in love. This is clear in his earlier poems and novels, in his war novel and his bull-fighting novel. To overcome his despair and scepticism he has exalted in turn athleticism, war, bull-fighting, Rome and religion, and has always insisted on the necessity of action at any cost, and on the validity of pure courage even where faith is lacking. But his heroes cannot rise to the height of this dehumanized idealism, and their strength and weakness are alike rooted in their continued dependence on human sympathy.

GEORGE REAVEY.

Two Poems

POEMS. By WILLIAM EMPSON. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)
NOSTRODAM. By GEORGE REAVEY. (Europa Press, Paris. 150 copies at 10 frs.)

IT is curious how the reviewers have looked down their noses at Mr. Empson. Very self-consciously broad-minded gentlemen

have pointed out that though, as a rule, they can appreciate modern poetry, they really must draw the line at him. And while they have awarded him a good mark, more or less grudgingly, for his charity in providing notes, their further critical remarks have been limited to casting a few isolated lines at the reader and asking despairingly—what do *you* make of that?—a method which might produce disturbing results if applied to Donne or Shakespeare. But the old romantic vested interest lingers long, and the question which really arises over Mr. Empson's poetry is not whether it *is* poetry—for that is too silly and vague a question—but whether it is a kind of poetry which points a way for future development. It is, of course, obscure—or we might rather say, difficult; but that difficulty comes naturally from the working of an exceptionally agile and athletic mind functioning on comparatively difficult material—most of the mere information which Mr. Empson uses is scarcely holiday reading for the tired business man. But the emphasis is most emphatically on the intellectual. If the poet says

> "My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains
> My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk."

he is not saying anything very vital—he is relying on an ambiguity and a deliberate vagueness: he has not even realized that to express one's thoughts and emotions in poetry a certain obliquity is more effective than honest directness. And so Mr. Empson's ideas are worked out in terms of comparatively difficult and obscure material. But the background is sufficiently strong, in many cases, to fuse these ideas into poetry. The obvious and dreary literary comparison is Donne—and though Mr. Empson is in many ways quite different, he has at least the same vital apprehension of ideas, the same capacity for finding hitherto unrecognized connections, and the same ability to fuse the ideas into the unity of a single poem. And the result is certainly remarkable. He is often obscure in the sense that the ideas are too little fused to achieve this unity and to give them their separate value, and in the sense, too, that the connections between ideas and objects are often merely personally apprehended. But he has always a fine economy of expression, vigorous and vital and flexible style, and a precise and definite use of metaphor. His book is a good example of the way poetry is probably going—the increasing emphasis on the intellectual is natural in such an age, and the swerve from the deliberate ambiguity of much

romantic poetry and the soulful emphasis in the individual and buttercups is towards a more final and precise expression and a more vital use of definite ideas instead of vague so-called "emotions."

Mr. Reavey is much less aggressive. Sometimes he seems to have a certain difficulty in filling out a line, and they become overloaded in the adjectives:

> "The sudden shrapnel splinters overhead,
> Gashing the night's deep face in radiant scars . . ."

—and this, by comparison, makes him rather soggy. His book contains only about fifteen short lyrics—almost all of which are dedicated to somebody or other, and most of them suffer from too narrow and restricted form and an overuse of adjectives. They are, too, very literary in derivation, which is not necessarily a vice, but is dangerous. He explains his general purpose in the Preface: "My interpretation of the latter (i.e., the world of historical experience) is that of an occidental who considers his present-day predicament in the light of a Dante-Marlowe-Rimboud perspective and finds that the twentieth century completes the sixteenth." To cast such vague slogans at the reader is in any case dangerous, and the last remark about the 20th century is completely meaningless without precise explanation, and comes dangerously before the verse. And the poetry itself seems to suffer from this all-pervading vagueness—it creaks audibly. Mr. Reavey's filling up of the gaps in his lines has left some untidy patches. At best, there is some good writing in the old rhetorical manner with a dash of the metaphysical conscience:

> "Will you unbend and from the dim unknown
> Restore the light of knowledge in your features:
> Surprising then as suns new flamed flashdown
> The beams of dazzling swords upon my shoulder; . . ."

and some rather immediate and effective use of direct language:

> "Through city's tinsel dusk a vagabond
> I staggered, soul as dark blindst lane;
> A film of years unbearable my eyes obscured
> While round me flashed the glitter of cheap stone . . ."

But the bones show through too often—"city's tinsel dusk"—is one example here. The search for the right adjective seems to have been a difficult one—the effort is too self-conscious and the method of expression is nearly always too uncomfortably direct and vague.

NORMAN LEACH.

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

I UNDERSTAND there are only 75 British born subjects in Addis Ababa and about 100 more scattered in various parts of the country, chiefly missionaries, but in all, including the coloured races under British protection, and in that sense British subjects, there are about 2,600 in the country. Of these nearly 2,000 are Somalis. In the event of war British subjects would be evacuated, either by rail to Djibouti, or, if necessary, by air. R.A.F. planes from Egypt would carry out this duty. British forces in Egypt and the Sudan are not numerous. In Egypt there is a Cavalry and an Infantry Brigade in Cairo and an Infantry Brigade in the Canal Zone, but only two Infantry Battalions in the Sudan at Khartoum. There is little doubt, if hostilities ensued, British military and air garrisons in the Near East would be substantially increased, if only as a necessary precaution to ensure neutrality. Abyssinia is right on the map these days, whatever may be the outcome at Geneva or elsewhere, and it is likely to remain there. The once almost by-the-world-forgotten land has definitely seen the last days of its historic seclusion and comparative unimportance.

* * *

IF and when a General Election takes place, conscientious minded Conservatives, who desire to be well prepared for the fray and capable of instructing others, cannot do better than take a course of instruction at the Bonar Law College, Ashridge next September and October. No man or woman can be a good citizen and, therefore, an honest voter unless he or she understands the chief political problems of the day. The tuition is expert both by the resident staff and visiting lecturers, and the fees for week-end, fortnight, four-weeks and eight-week courses are most reasonable. To learn democratic citizenship on traditional and constitutional lines must be an asset of value in education, and to do so in the beautiful setting of Ashridge House makes such education a real pleasure.

* * *

IT seems ultra conservative on our part that nothing practical has yet been done to bring our currency into line with that of the rest of the world, which employs the Decimal System for their respective National Units. In fact the world has long since recognized the advantages of the decimal coinage, and it seems, therefore, the time has come when Great Britain could with advantage follow suit. Not that there has not been some effort to do so before this, as, if I remember rightly, the Decimal Association in collaboration with the Association of British Chambers of Commerce and the Institute of Bankers promoted a Bill in 1918, known as the "Pound and Mil" Bill, and the Government of the day appointed a Royal Commission to examine the proposal.

There was also another Decimal Coinage Bill of the late Lord Leverhulme's, which proposed a British Dollar of 100 halfpence as the new national monetary unit.

The difficulty, heretofore, has been regarding the methods of achieving the desired result, and experts have not seen eye to eye, but I am told that this will be overcome, and the day is approaching when the decimalization of the pound sterling will be accomplished. I need not add the advantages of such a change. Those who are not good at arithmetic will welcome the change, but in the commercial world it will mean a great saving of time and an improved commercial efficiency, while foreign exchange calculations will be greatly facilitated and our many foreign customers greatly pleased. The pioneer work of the Decimal Association of 319, Finsbury Pavement House, E.C.2, will not have been in vain. This Association is still working hard for the desired end.

* * *

I WAS much interested in the remarkable service of "Maintentest," which Messrs. R. C. Cutting & Co., of Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4, the well-known advisory Electrical Experts offer for the extremely moderate charge of thirty shillings per annum. For that small outlay they will make a complete test, inspection and report of your electric wiring installations. What this means to many people resident in the country and in old country houses, built long before electric fittings were thought of, is difficult to estimate, since a very large percentage of the fires which take place in country houses—and in town and suburban residences as well—are due to defective electric installations, which have been neglected or allowed to deteriorate.

And apart from the danger of fire there is always in installations that have become defective the waste due to hidden leakage or the chance of suffering the inconvenience of a breakdown. Country houses at this time of year when they are occupied and shooting lodges and boxes are cases in point. I was in one shooting lodge, which owing to a bad lighting breakdown had to depend upon candles and lamps for the best part of the week.

Not only residences but many types of public buildings come under the service of "Maintentest," churches, hospitals, institutions, schools and colleges. Messrs. Cutting are the advisory experts to the Abbey of Westminster and the Cathedral of Canterbury.

* * *

ARMY Manœuvres—on the biggest scale since 1925 are on this month. In the South of England nearly 50,000 troops will be moving hither and thither, on service as nearly approaching war conditions as is possible in peace time. Bread is still the "staff of life" as a staple food, and the Army bakeries produce some 24,600,000 lbs. weight of bread at a cost of 10 shillings per 100 lbs. The men will get their full ration together with their new iron ration to be used when necessary. The new iron ration contains chocolate, a hint of its supporting qualities to many civilians, whilst every day the field bakeries will turn out bread which in quality and freshness would make the mouths of civilians water.

No other nation in the world looks after its sailors, soldiers and airmen better than the British. I was looking at the War Office's new specimen diet sheet and was astonished at the popularity of tinned foods. The ration of preserved meat is tinned and so are many of the vegetables. Since the war the process of tinning foods has increased by leaps and bounds, and consequently a much greater variety of foods are available. In these days of mechanized transport it is possible to carry a far greater quantity of tinned foods than was formerly taken in bulk. The object of the War Office is to supply the best possible food values both for sustenance and endurance.

THE popularity of the tote is unquestioned. Slowly and surely the ranks of the bookmakers at greyhound meetings are being depleted. When all the tracks have full facilities for forecast doubles and win doubles the volume of money invested will be greatly increased and the bookmakers will find it all the more difficult to compete with the machine. This only proves what a game bookmaking was before the advent of the tote.

* * *

MAJOR CHARLES VAN DER BYL, of Wappenham House, Towcester, Northamptonshire, is an old friend of these columns and deservedly so, for his is the moving spirit in the Fur Crusade, which, despite our boasted twentieth century civilization, is desperately necessary if God's animals, whether used for human food or adornment, are to get a square deal. Foxes and rabbits caught in steel traps, suffering as much as the martyrs of the Faith did in the Neronic persecutions, seals skinned alive and baby seals left to starve on frozen snow call loud to their Creator for mercy. Those who wear broadtails, let them not forget, are obtained in Russia by means more cruel than any Soviet persecution. Mother sheep beaten with iron rods, induced thereby to give premature birth, and their offspring skinned alive to get their very fine soft fur. One firm (happily not English) has made £6,000,000 in 10 years in this trade. I wonder the heavens do not wreak vengeance on these people.

I write from practical experience of the N.W. of Canadia. I have shot and fished in many parts there, and I have come across beavers, mink, bears, foxes all killed brutally by steel traps, and I have looked at the costly dressed women in our restaurants and theatres and wondered if they knew that it took eight to ten beavers so killed for one coat and 80 mink for one wrap. We talk of the trade in worn-out horses. Do we realize how many thousands of beautiful creatures are suffering agonies at night and every night that women may go on wearing trapped furs?

Here at home I grieve for the cruel rabbit trapping. Fifty million rabbits are trapped in England and Scotland by cruel snares instead of being netted or shot, and people eat the fevered meat of tortured animals. Lord Tredegar's Bill to abolish Gin Traps was defeated in its second reading in the House of Lords by three votes, more to their undying shame. Major Van der Byl is issuing a special *Humane* Trapping Leaflet, how these animals should be caught: get it and read it.

How can Major Van der Byl be helped in his righteous Crusade? First by the right thinking Press, then by the Churches—(how I wish Father Bernard Vaughan was alive)—then by rightly educating boys at school as to their duties to God's creatures, and also by funds. Lack of funds seriously impedes the work of printing and sending out leaflets of instruction, of advertising in the papers, and of educating the great body of public opinion. One good resolution of every humane person should be to send Major Van der Byl an annual subscription. That would be a practical method of supporting his great and much needed Crusade of Mercy.

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SEASIDE—(*continued*).

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SEASIDE—(*continued*).

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